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For All Girls—Published by the Girl Scouts



DECEMBER

1931

Scott Calhoun

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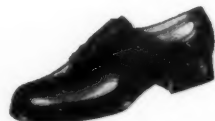
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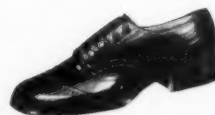
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# Along the Editor's Trail



CHRISTMAS is a racket." Emily unfolded her long figure and rose impressively from the deep cushioned chair by the fire. Her statement had the intended effect. All eyes were upon her—Alice's wide and blue, Jessica's so startled that their grayness looked almost black, Marjorie's calm and placid, and Nora's shrewd and quizzical as if to say, "One more effort to astonish your friends, eh, my girl?"

Emily leaned easily against the fireplace.

"I can't imagine why you all look so surprised," she drawled. "It's perfectly true. Christmas *is* a racket, and I hereby inform you that I am neither giving nor receiving gifts."

"But I have something keen for you, Emily," wailed Jessica. "I tramped the town to get it."

"And I've worked hours embroidering monograms on some handkerchiefs for you," said Alice.

"What do you mean by 'racket'?" asked Marjorie.

"I mean that people who celebrate Christmas by giving and getting are out to collect as much loot as possible. I mean that A doesn't give to B because his heart is overflowing with love, but because he wants to impress B and because he expects something from B in return."

"That isn't true!" cried Alice. "There probably are people like that, but there are loads who really give because they like to."

"After all," suggested Marjorie, "if your special friends and family have the real Christmas spirit, what does it matter why A and B exchange presents. Don't you think I'm right, Nora? You haven't said a word."

"There's nothing for me to say," said Nora. "If Emily feels the way she does, well, that's that, and we'll have to agree not to include her in any of our Christmas plans. But I do think, Emily, you ought to write to your Aunt Mary and Uncle Joe. I stopped to

see them on my way from Boston last week, you know, and they showed me a corner cupboard Uncle Joe made for your room. He said he couldn't afford to buy you a real antique cupboard and he knew you wanted one, so he worked at it evenings. And by the way, Aunt Mary still has that funny pincushion you gave her when you were ten. Sentimental of her to keep it, of course, but rather sweet."

"They're not giving for what they get. And neither is Sarah Evans," exclaimed Jessica. "I happen to know she's been saving for months to get gifts for you and a few of her other friends. She gave up going to the class play, to add the money to her Christmas fund. I think you're being *very* stupid to say that because some people commercialize Christmas you won't take part in celebrating it."

Emily didn't look cocksure any more. There was a little frown between her brows. She turned to Nora.

"Did Uncle Joe really make that cupboard?"

Nora nodded.

"And he hates carpentry. He told me so," mused Emily, half to herself. "He had to learn how on the farm when he was a boy, but he'd rather do almost anything else, he said."

"It's too bad," Nora remarked. "Alice doesn't like embroidering, either. She's been ages working at those handkerchiefs, with new books just waiting to be read, too. And Sarah really wanted to go to the class play and I—But, then, if Emily doesn't approve of Christmas, she oughtn't to take part in it, of course. Why, where are you going, Emily?"

Emily had walked toward the door. She turned.

"I'm going to buy Uncle Joe one of those big puzzles that he loves to work out. He'll need something restful after so many evenings spent sawing and hammering. And I'm going to get lots of red ribbon and loads of cards and a book of poetry that Sarah has wanted for the past year and—"

"But Christmas is a racket," said Alice smiling.

"If it *is* I'm in it," grinned Emily. "There's a spirit about this racket that I like."

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MARGARET MOCHRIE, Editor  
PAULINE STEINBERG, Managing Editor

## THE AMERICAN GIRL

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COMING IN 1932

**T**HERE is a New Year's story by Jane Abbott that you simply mustn't miss, and the solution to the two-part mystery by Ellis Parker Butler. Kenneth Payson Kempton who writes those thrilling stories of pirates on the high seas has promised another story early in 1932.

Bender barges in again during 1932 in a charming story by Hubert Evans, and Mary Ellen goes in for tap dancing.

The first new serial in 1932 will be a story by Margaret Lull, author of the popular book, *Blue Mountain*, and we have promises for short stories from your favorite authors—Alice Dyar Russell, Anne McQueen, Mabel Cleland and others.

Among the articles coming in 1932,

there is one telling about winter sports all over the world, and another about a gay ensemble for your room. Margaret Norris has done an interview with Annette Hoyt Flanders, woman landscape architect who has more work than she can attend to, and we have just received a special interview with Helen Wills—tennis player and artist.

We wish we had room to mention all the helpful articles on Good Looks by Hazel Rawson Cades or the party suggestions by Winifred Moses or the "I Am a Girl Who—" articles by girls who found solutions to problems like your own. They're all coming in 1932. So be sure you are an AMERICAN GIRL subscriber for that year. Use the gift order blank inserted just inside the front cover of this issue.

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tree Christmas morn-  
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box throughout the  
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## The American Girl

... You, too, would be delighted to receive the card shown here telling you that *The American Girl* will come to you as a present every month for a year—or perhaps two years. Be sure to ask for this magazine of your own for Christmas. Your mother or your father, uncle or aunt will be glad to know that you prefer *The American Girl* as your Christmas present this year. Or if you already get it, give a subscription to your best friend.

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Your favorite authors are all coming in "The American Girl"—during 1932



WE'RE still very much pleased by the unusually great number of letters that has been coming lately to the *Well, of All Things!* page. We hope you'll keep it up. The letters have been unusually kind, too. *Polly What's-Her-Name* seems to be very popular, although none of the girls who have written about it has had an opportunity to read more than the first instalment.

ADELE GROSS of New York writes, "*Polly What's-Her-Name* is just too wonderful for words. I simply can't wait for the next instalment." Norma Lundholm of South Lynnfield, Massachusetts says, "*Polly What's-Her-Name* has a grand beginning, and I'm sure the ending will be grand, too." "*Polly What's-Her-Name* has started out to be very interesting," says Jean Bartelme of Northbrook, Illinois. "I wonder if it will turn out like *Daddy-Long-Legs*." Dorothy Janice Seiden of Chicago says she thinks the serial is keen. "Our whole October number was good," she writes. "I love the magazine so much I can hardly wait for it to come out."

LOUISE HUG of Lynbrook, New York says, "I think *Tad of the Heart Seven* far surpassed any story I've ever read in *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. But I think it's going to have a rival. I've just read the first instalment of *Polly What's-Her-Name*, and my interest is all keyed up." "The beginning of the new serial in the October issue is just grand," says Ruth Lehr of Ridgewood, New York. "I hope the rest of it is just as good, and I am sure it will be." Lois Allen of Norwich, Connecticut writes, "I want to say that I think *Polly What's-Her-Name* is going to be one of the best serials that *THE AMERICAN GIRL* has ever had, at least it looks that way from the first instalment, which was absolutely fine."

THERE appears to be a little dissension about the illustrations for *Polly*. Judith Halliday of Greenville, Rhode Island writes, "The new serial is good, but Mr. McCarthy's illustrations don't seem to fit." However, Joan Reh of Brooklyn says, "I think the illustrations are just too cute, and I, too, have fallen in love with little Maria."

"*Polly What's-Her-Name* is keen, and the illustrations are just right," says Dorothy Dewey of Des Moines, Iowa. Dorothy says she likes her heroines pretty.

ELSIE NOLD of North Arlington, New Jersey says the first thing she noticed in the October *AMERICAN GIRL* was the new column heading. "I think it's much better than the other one," she writes. Elvira Gieselman of Los Angeles, California says, "I like your new heading for *Well, of*

## Well, of All Things!

*All Things!* very much. I think you ought to have a new heading every once in a while. It keeps one interested in that page, although I enjoy it very much anyhow."

THE girl who wrote anonymously about Angelica Carey has caused quite a disturbance. "I do not agree with the person who says she doesn't like the Angelica Carey stories," says Jane Houghton of Claremont, California. "I enjoy all the old-fashioned stories, and Angelica is not too goody-goody for me," she continues. Judith Halliday, who wrote about the illustrations for *Polly* says she disagrees decidedly with the girl who doesn't like Angelica. "Angelica isn't perfect," says Judith indignantly, "and I like stories about her."

ELEONORA KRYZEWSKI of Chicago also takes up the cudgels heartily in Angelica's defense. "Miss Anonymous' taste is the bunk if she thinks the Angelica stories are," says Eleonora. "They suit me because they're different. There *are* girls like Angelica—I know one." So that's that.

ANOTHER story in the October issue which proved to be very popular was "*While Hounds in Full Cry*—." "Three cheers for "*While Hounds in Full Cry*—," writes Marion Cardwell of Louisville, Kentucky. "Almost everybody likes a good horse story. Let's hope we get just lots more. Natalie is the kind of a girl I admire, and she certainly had plenty of pep."

MARY LEE SPERRY of Cleveland Heights, Ohio writes, "I don't know of a story that I've enjoyed in a long while as much as the hunting story last month. I like stories with a foreign locale ever so much." "The story about Natalie in this month's issue is the best ever," writes Elysabeth Senn of Phillipsburgh, Missouri. "Give us more just as keen."

ELEANOR WHITING of Brooklyn says she thinks the October issue had an exceptionally good selection of stories. "I loved *Sand-Witches* and *A Week-end at Windycliff*," she says, "and I thought

"*While Hounds in Full Cry*—" was particularly appealing." Rachel Palm of Defiance, Ohio says she thinks that this was an ideal story. And Ellen Kellogg of Waverly, New York writes, "*Sand-Witches* is one of the best stories I have ever read, and I consider this issue of the magazine the best ever."

Kathryn Silsby of Bayard, Nebraska writes, "The October issue is a peach! *Sand-Witches* won my heart. Let's have more stories about those girls and the Delta Kays."

I CAN'T say enough for *A Week-end at Windycliff*," writes Dorothy Claire Dixon of New Baltimore, Michigan. "It was great! I think *Sand-Witches* was great, too." Janet Lynch of Moore, Pennsylvania writes, "I love mysteries, so do keep on having stories like *A Week-end at Windycliff*. It was nice and spooky." Mary Lee Sperry, who commented on "*While Hounds in Full Cry*—" says: "I think that *Sand-Witches* was a dandy story. I just love Helen Diehl Olds' stories of those same girls at Holly Hall."

WE have lots of letters this month from girls who do not comment on any particular stories, but who like the magazine as a whole. Janet Daggett of Santa Monica, California says, "I think your magazine is the best there is published and I read it all from *Along the Editor's Trail to Our Puzzle Pack*." "I have taken this magazine three years, and I think I will take it until it stops," says Betty Fenner of Swampscott, Massachusetts. "It is getting better every single month." Mary Joyce of Hollywood, California writes, "I am seventeen and have been a subscriber to *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for the past four years. Although I have never written I consider *THE AMERICAN GIRL* my favorite magazine and enjoy each new issue with even more delight than the previous ones. I like the special articles, particularly." "I couldn't wait any longer to tell you how I love your magazine," says Hulda Johnson, of Hancock, Michigan. "We're glad she didn't. 'I've been taking it for ten months,' she continues, 'and it's the most interesting magazine I've ever read. I can't see how anyone can say that any of the stories aren't good. I think they couldn't be any better. It is getting better every day.' Julie Whitten of Waban, Massachusetts writes, 'While some magazines seem to have suffered this year, yours is even better.' And Helen Halpert of New York writes, 'The October issue of *THE AMERICAN GIRL* was the best in a long time, and I've been reading it for eight years. There has been a great increase in excellency in the past few years. The magazine really gets better and better.'"

*So renew for Christmas and don't miss Jane Abbott, Hubert Evans and others!*



# Christmas Morning

ELIZABETH MADOX ROBERTS

If Bethlehem were here today,  
Or this were very long ago,  
There wouldn't be a winter time  
Nor any cold or snow.

I'd run out through the garden  
gate,  
And down along the pasture walk;  
And off beside the cattle barns  
I'd hear a kind of gentle talk.

I'd move the heavy iron chain  
And pull away the wooden pin;  
I'd push the door a little bit  
And tiptoe very softly in.

The pigeons and the yellow hens  
And all the cows would stand away;  
Their eyes would open wide to see  
A lady in the manger hay.  
If this were very long ago  
And Bethlehem were here today.

And Mother held my hand and  
smiled—

I mean the lady would—and she  
Would take the woolly blankets off  
Her little boy so I could see.

His shut-up eyes would be asleep,  
And he would look just like our John,  
And he would be all crumpled too,  
And have a pinkish color on.

I'd watch his breath go in and out.  
His little clothes would all be white.  
I'd slip my finger in his hand  
To feel how he could hold it tight.

And she would smile and say, "Take  
care,"

The mother, Mary, would, "Take  
care";

And I would kiss his little hand  
And touch his hair.

While Mary put the blankets back  
The gentle talk would soon begin.  
And when I'd tiptoe softly out  
I'd meet the wise men going in.



# THE AMERICAN GIRL

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MARGARET MOCHRIE · EDITOR

DECEMBER · 1931

## The Yule Miracle

IT WAS a pretty trick which Karen Brayle had taught her Christmas collie. At least, she and the dog had happened upon the game by accident. Thereafter, they played it a hundred times, when they were alone together.

Indeed, it was almost the only thing she or anyone else had been able to teach the big lumbering young dog. So Karen was the prouder of it. But, ever fearing the puppy would get stage fright and humiliate her if she should attempt to play it with him in public, she contented herself with private performances.

Nor did she brag of the collie's single achievement, lest incredulous hearers insist on her proving its truth; and lest the dog add to his unpopularity in the family by flunking the test.

On the Christmas eve before, Mr. Brayle had brought home the huge leggy young dog as a Yule gift to his only daughter. Karen had been rapturously happy over the present. In honor of the day, she had named her gift "Yule"; a short and easy name to call him by, but a name to which he did not respond unless he felt inclined to.

The young collie had been beautiful in golden coat and unduly large in bone. The deep set dark eyes should have held a blend of mischievousness and sternness. Instead, the expression was merely foolish. Yes, that was the keynote of Yule's nature. He seemed incurably foolish.

Karen found this out before he had been in the house a day. So did the entire Brayle family—Karen's father and mother and her two older brothers. One and all, they had read and had heard of the uncannily keen brain power of collies, of the breed's loyalty and chumship. Great things had they expected from this overgrown pedigreed pup. And not a thing did they get.

It was as though people had paid a stiff price to see the tragedy of Hamlet and had found a slapstick film substituted for the Shakespeare play, or had gone to an Einstein lecture and been confronted by the village idiot.

Nothing did the bumble-puppy collie know, and nothing did he seem able to learn. The more they worked with him, the duller he seemed to become. He had a genius for getting



YULE RAISED HIS SPLENDID HEAD

Illustrations by  
Charles Livingston Bull

By ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

into the house and ripping rugs to rags and disemboweling overstuffed chairs and yanking down window curtains. But he could not be taught to obey or even to answer to his name.

He was a pest, a nuisance, a dead loss.

At first the Brayles were dazed with incredulous surprise at the silliness of the collie from which they had hoped so much. Then they piled derisively disgusted epithets on him, and accepted Yule as a mighty bad joke on themselves.

All but Karen.

Even as a mother often feels more tenderness for some crippled or dull child than for her normal offspring, so the sneering ridicule of her parents and brothers made Karen cling more lovingly to poor brainless Yule.

This, although she knew better than did anyone else how utterly worthless the dog was. It was she, for

instance, who undertook to train him, and who plumbed the total lack of his intelligence to its depths. It was she who, on one of their first walks together, witnessed the humiliating scene when a sample-size Pomeranian growled at the shambling golden giant and when Yule fled howling under the nearest porch, at the tiny lapdog's attack.

"No brains," mused Karen. "No courage. No affection. Nothing but bigness and appetite. That's you, poor Yule."

The dog thumped his tail on the floor as she spoke. She thrilled in hope it meant he recognized his name at last. But he was only wagging his plumed tail because he saw the cook drawing near with his basinful of dinner scraps. Almost fiercely, Karen threw her arms around the shaggy neck, and hugged the vacuously grinning Yule to her heart.

"Never mind!" she consoled him—though he stood in scant need of consolation and was far more interested in the approaching dinner basin than in his young owner. "Never mind, Yule! I love you better than I love anyone else except the family. I don't know why, but I do. You can be as stupid as you like. I'll keep on loving you, just the same. I—"

She broke off in her crooned whisper of comfort. This, because Yule tore loose from her arms and went charging clumsily at the basin the cook was carrying to him. Karen



BEFORE THE WATER COULD REACH AS HIGH AS HIS STOMACH, HE WOULD RECOIL

left him in disgust. In spite of the care she had spent on him, the poor puppy seemed as hopelessly silly as ever.

It was during the first warm week of spring that Karen and he discovered the dog's only trick, the one I have spoken of. By that time, the girl was the sole member of the household who would so much as glance at Yule, much less speak to him. The rest were thoroughly disgusted with him. But for Karen's affection for the uncouth creature, he would have been packed off, long before.

By the time the winter ice broke up in the lake, a furlong from the Brayle home, Karen had taken Yule to the water to teach him to swim. To her disappointment, though not to her surprise, the collie refused to go into the lake to any depth farther than his own mid-legs. There, before the water could reach as high as his stomach, he would recoil, tail between legs and run ky-yi-ing to the shore. (This, by the way, was not necessarily a part of his normal cowardly idiocy. Not one collie in five enjoys swimming or will go voluntarily out of his depth in water. But not one collie in ninety will ki-yi, or show other abject signs of terror when he is urged into the deeps.)

The first day of the season when she was allowed to go swimming, Karen ran down the beach, with Yule capering and barking alongside. When she was ankle-deep in the lake, she stumbled. Seeking to right herself, she lurched sidewise and fell prone on her face in a few inches of water.

Instantly, Yule's fanfare of barking swelled tenfold. He charged over to the prostrate girl. Seizing her by one shoulder of her bathing suit, he dug his teeth deep into the cloth and braced his four feet, hauling backward with all his strength, to drag her to land.

Karen was overjoyed at this manifestation of the lifesaving instinct. She praised Yule loudly and effusively, patting and lauding him until he danced in ungainly pride.

Twice more, in succession, the girl ran down the beach and fell sidewise into the shallow water. Each time Yule rushed barking after her and sought to haul her ashore.

Each time he was praised as fulsomely as at first. He waxed vastly proud of himself, vanity being the one salient collie trait he had thus far developed.

Then came the real test, a test which Karen approached without a qualm of misgiving, a test which would give her something to boast of at home and which could not fail to boost Yule's stock with the whole disapproving family.

She dashed down the beach afresh. But this time she did not fall prostrate in eight inches of water. Instead, she kept on, until no longer could she feel the lake pebbles under her feet. Then, throwing herself on one side she began to flounder and to call to Yule for help.

As a matter of fact, Karen was about as much in danger of drowning as would be a duck which is tossed into a pond. Almost from babyhood she had been an expert swimmer. But she gave a really creditable imitation of a drowning person. All the while, she watched with one eye the big golden collie on the beach behind her.

Let Yule once plunge into the lake and swim out to her and catch her by the shoulder and try to pull her

ashore, and she would know he had the true collie soul, the clean white heart which will risk death to save a loved human being. Eagerly she waited, redoubling her splashings and her calls for help.

Yule raced up and down the bank, barking in asinine futility, once or twice venturing out into perhaps twelve inches of water and then shrinking back to shore to recommence his deafening idiotic barks. He was giving a magnificent exhibition of panic-stricken uselessness, and his every movement showed he lacked any of the pluck needful to go to his supposedly drowning mistress' rescue.

Disillusioned, cruelly chagrined, Karen swam shoreward, and climbed the beach. Yule met her, ecstatically, as though congratulating her on her lucky escape from death. For a moment she glared angrily down upon the capering dog. Then she stopped and patted him.

"Poor worthless Yule!" she exclaimed, with more tenderness than contempt in her voice. "You can't help being what you are. None of us can. And perhaps somewhere there are collies like the ones in the stories. It isn't your fault you're not one of them. I love you, anyhow, if nobody else does."

Daily, after that, at the outset of her swim, Karen and Yule went through that mock lifesaving stunt, in water eight inches deep. The sport never palled on the young dog. Indeed he became more and more dexterous at it, learning to take better grip and to use wiser leverage.

But ever, when Karen swam out into the lake, the collie remained timorously behind. Try as she would, Karen could not coax him into deep water. When she pretended to be in

distress, he would bark plangently and run up and down the beach. But not once did he venture out to her aid. In short, he was an ideal lifesaver, as long as he could enact the rôle without getting wet or risking a swim.

Karen loved him for what he was. Not for what she had hoped he might be. Nobody else loved him at all. None of the Brayles could endure the sight of the clumsy clown collie. Much guying from her brothers and many a sour look from her father did Karen endure because of her silly golden comrade.

The long summer drowsed away. Autumn brought V-shaped cohorts of wild geese flying southward across the lake. Winter set in.

Karen and Yule still were inseparable comrades, till the girl went to school. But Karen had given up trying to ding sense into the collie's thick head. She accepted him for a stupid and bumptious and beautiful plaything.

Meanwhile, the passing year had brought depth to Yule's chest and grace to his limbs and a massiveness to his heavy gold and white coat. Ignorant of collies, the Brayles scarcely noted these very gradual physical changes, nor did they bother to guess whether or not age was working similar development to the dog's soul and brain.

The fox terrier puppy at six months old, is graceful and fleet. The lion's cub, at the same age, is gawkily helpless. Thackeray was a giant. As a boy he was rated a lazy fool. Bismarck was a giant. As a boy, he could not so much as master his lessons and later was dropped from college. The boy, Lincoln, was shambling and physically lazy.

But if the Brayles had heard of these cases of the slow development of giants, they most assuredly did not apply the rule to the gigantic collie they despised.

Christmas was drawing near. There was no more promise of a white and icy Christmas that year than that Yule would turn into a prodigy. The dank chill of November continued to hang over the land, without merging into the tingling cold of late December.

As a general thing, long before Christmas, the lake was several inches thick in glass-clear ice and the hills were glittering with deep snow. But now the ice merely formed in a skim along the shore. The land lay glumly gray-brown and snowless. There could scarcely have been less appropriate Christmastide weather or scenery.

Karen came home for the holidays to be greeted rapturously and loudly by Yule. For her sake the collie had been tolerated during her absence.

The morning after her return, her father called her into his study. He and she were alone in the house at the moment, except for the collie, which Mr. Brayle shoved impatiently from the room as Yule strove to follow Karen thither.

"Listen, daughter," began Mr. Brayle, without preamble. "All of us want you to be happy. You know that. We want you to have the very happiest Christmas we can give you. But—"

"But what, Daddy?" asked Karen, puzzled.

"But that's just what we tried to do for you last year," pursued her father. "That's why we bought Yule for you. And look how he has turned out! I'd call him an unmitigated nuisance if I weren't afraid

of doing rank injustice to some *real* unmitigated nuisance. That's what I want to talk to you about this morning."

"But I love Yule," protested Karen. "He and I—"

"You mean you love all animals. Yule is the only animal you've ever played around with, so you think you're fond of him," corrected Mr. Brayle. "Now here is my idea. For one solid year we've put up with that fool dog. We have been the laughing-stock of the people on both sides of us. He hasn't a scrap of intelligence or of loyalty or of companionableness. He's a one million per cent failure. He—"

"But I—"

"Wait a minute. I know a man who will take him off our hands. He says he'll give him a good home in the city. He lives alone in a flat there, and he wants some companion to welcome him home at night. I didn't tell the man quite what a fool the collie is. He'll find that out soon enough. But I told him I'd try to get you to consent to part with Yule. If you will, daughter, I've a chance to buy you a splendid well-trained clever Boston terrier in his place. The Boston can be delivered here Christmas morning. It's up to you. What do you say?"

For a long half minute, Karen Brayle faced her father. She felt she was growing red and redder, and an unbidden mist began to creep in front of her unhappy eyes. Patiently, Mr. Brayle waited for her to speak. He seemed

(Continued on page 38)

HE HAD A GENIUS FOR  
GETTING INTO THE  
HOUSE AND YANKING  
DOWN THE CURTAINS





# Patsy and the Christmas Spirit

PATSY stared gloomily out of the window and kicked her toes absent-mindedly back and forth in a sort of melancholy tap step. It was a big window of excellent glass hung with very handsome curtains of imported English chintz, and adorned with holly wreaths, but the scene which it revealed was enough to justify Patsy's mood, though a most appropriate scene for Christmas Eve. There was a great expanse of garden completely blanketed in snow, while small white flakes fell determinedly down on it from a leaden sky. In the distance, beyond clipped hedges, the occasional whir of traffic on an unusually busy highway was muffled. The whole outside world seemed to have a hushed, expectant atmosphere, as if, like a million children, it were waiting for Christmas to come.

But Patsy, being almost seventeen years old, was not looking for Santa Claus or anxious about a Christmas tree. No, Patsy was distinctly annoyed at the weather, the outlook and everything in general. She glowered at the view, stopped her tapping and twisted around to try and look more directly up at the sky.

"A splendid example of poor visibility," she murmured.

In the house behind her there was a hushed and expectant air, too. It was not Patsy's own house, or she might have been finding something better to do than glower at views. But under the circumstances there was some excuse for her gloom. It was the day before Christmas and poor Patsy was far away from home. Her mother and father were on a Mediterranean cruise. Patsy, spending her first year at boarding school, had accompanied her friend and roommate, Betty Stevens, home for Christmas holidays. Betty lived in a small town in the West, and there had been a round of parties, shopping and general merriment ever since they had arrived at Orion City from New York. Today, however, had brought a lull. Betty and her mother were off on some mysterious last minute shopping trip. Betty's father was at business, her brother Jack off on affairs of his own. The rooms were decked in Christmas greens but the tree was not to be trimmed until late that evening, following a company dinner. Altogether there was *nothing* for Patsy to do and she was not enjoying doing it.

She went up to her room and looked over her gifts again—there they were, wrapped in green and silver, all ready and in order, each carefully chosen for those whose guest she was. The really important gifts to her mother and father had gone long ago to meet them across the world, somewhere. Patsy decided Christmas presents were not very cheering either, went downstairs again and proceeded to the window, muttering about visibility.

To anyone who knew Patsy, that remark would have significance. To her friends among the pilots and mechanics of the airport where she had learned to fly, back home in Connecticut, it would have meant a great deal, for when Patsy looked at the sky she was always thinking of flying, and when she muttered about visibility, putting into words the subconscious reaction of every flier to weather conditions, it usually meant that she was planning a flight.

But flight was impossible in the weather then prevailing, as Patsy would have been quick to agree. The air was thick with the small, rapidly falling flakes. Patsy was not a

reckless flier. She had wholesome respect for Old Man Weather, who treats all pilots alike and frosts the wings of a Lindbergh or surrounds a Costes with fog just as promptly as though they were lesser persons of the air.

But even while she regarded the snow-veiled landscape sulkily, the flakes grew larger and softer and more scattered and finally ceased altogether. The sky was still gray but more silvery than leaden. It seemed as if the sun were about to break through, and obeying a sudden impulse, Patsy rushed upstairs. She pulled on an extra sweater and wound a woolscarf carelessly around her neck, put on her muskrat coat,

and jammed a tight woolen knit roll-your-own over her curls, picked up her fur-lined gauntlets and dashed out of the house.

She had decided that she could not wait another moment to get outdoors and near the sky. Far away, almost half the distance across the continent, in fact, her own little airplane was snugly tucked away in a hangar at Hartford.

"Poor little Tumbleweed," thought Patsy, as its slim and graceful outline came before her mind. "Poor little Moth with her wings all folded for the winter."

Patsy was standing on the veranda, pulling on her gloves, now. The crisp air felt keen and delightful against her face and she felt so happy to be outdoors again, that she began to whistle one of the latest songs as she picked her way through the snow to the garage where she knew Betty had left her own small car when she went off in her mother's big one.

In a jiffy she had backed neatly out and was off down the drive, calling out to the gardener as she passed him, "Be back later," with a carefree wave of her hand.

Without really planning to do it, she found herself on the road which led to the town's airport, for though it was not a big city it did have an airport and though it was



"I'LL FLY MR. PARKINSON OVER IF HE





WANTS ME TO," SAID PATSY. PARKINSON LOOKED AT HER AS IF HE THOUGHT SHE HAD GONE MAD

By DOROTHY

VERRILL

Illustrations by

Addison Burbank

ing valves, represented the aviation industry in Orion City.

The field manager was a plump and cheerful little man named Samuel Hatch, who seemed reconciled to having puns made of his name and, in fact, usually offered some himself. He was not a licensed pilot, because of a permanently injured knee, but he had flown in war days and was a genuine aviation enthusiast.

He had met Patsy before, for she had visited the airport almost the moment she arrived at Orion City, and had flown for an hour or more. The previous summer she had won her commercial license after various adventures, including a rescue of a mail pilot whose ship had been forced down and destroyed, and she had kept flying steadily up to the time she went away to school and on every possible occasion during the holidays since. Patsy valued her pilot's rating too highly to let it lapse for lack of active flying and her parents had arranged for her to fly in their absence. She felt perfectly at home at the Orion City airport, so today she rushed into

not a mail and passenger stop, the airport could—and did—boast much more commercial flying than one might expect.

The sun came out while Patsy trundled the little car merrily down the road, but it was only for a moment—soon the sky was gray again and more snow seemed imminent. But Patsy didn't mind. The indefinable atmosphere that surrounds an airport and is perceptible even before one gets to it had already enthralled her. Although this airport of Orion City was not pretentious, it had all the essentials—a well protected deadline, wind sock and tee, a beacon light and borders and floods—and it was only a matter of time before it would become an important stop on air routes.

Enchanting as it seemed to Patsy just because it was concerned with aviation, it was singularly quiet this afternoon. There were some small fluttering red flags on the field, marking the spots where ice should be avoided in landing, but those and the wind sock, flapping weakly in the heavy air, were the most active things in sight.

There was a faint curl of smoke from the chimney of the building where the field manager had his office, however, and there Patsy went, after parking her friend's car in the lee of a hangar where one mechanic, rather sullenly grind-

ing Sam Hatch's office, breathlessly wished him "Merry Christmas," pulled off her gloves to warm her hands before the glowing coal stove, and inquired, "Where is everybody? The field looks deserted."

The manager puffed several times at his pipe before he answered, "It certainly is deserted, Patsy. Everybody's home hanging up stockings, I guess. No day for flying up to now, and no business anyhow."

"But isn't *anyone* flying? No ships on the line *at all* today?" persisted Patsy. She had never seen a day when there wasn't some flying going on at her home field back East, but that, as she realized, had National Guard and regular air passenger lines among its activities.

Just as she spoke, Hatch's telephone rang. He took it down, listened gravely, spoke a few words, and hung it up, turning to Patsy.

"That's what you get for flying on a day like this," he observed. "Call came in from Dalton, thirty miles over east—pilot named Warren—trying to come through to meet his boss—rich rancher named Parkinson. Anyhow, he has a tri-motor job, his own private ship and big field and all at his place about a hundred miles from here. Parkinson is coming in from the coast, just back from China or some

place, wants to get home for Christmas, wires Warren to meet him here, and the tri-motor is forced down; can't take off again either, ice and snow and all that. And you ask why the field isn't busy and Parkinson will be here any minute, asking where in the name of Kris Kringle his own bus is."

"But it isn't such a bad day for flying now—" Patsy was starting to say, when there was the sound of a motor and they both went to the window where they beheld a taxi, depositing a tall man, five suitcases, two carry-all bags and a steamer trunk on the tarmac before the nearest hangar. The tall man paid his taxi driver and glanced about impatiently as the car rushed off.

Hatch went out to him and Patsy could almost identify the words spoken by the way in which surprise, chagrin, and despair followed one another on Parkinson's face.

Soon the two men came into the field manager's office, with the mechanic, McManus, evidently dragged away from his valve grinding to assist them in carrying the baggage. All three were laden down with leather containers covered with fascinating and intriguing labels from far away. In a rather perfunctory way, Hatch, whose mind was evidently on the problem of Parkinson and his detained ship, introduced Patsy to the rancher, and went straight to the telephone.

One after another he called numbers which, Patsy knew, represented the commercial fliers at the field. The first one was out of town for the holidays. The second was sick in bed with a bad case of grippe. The third was booked for a big party and did not care to do any flying at any price that afternoon and evening, with the weather what it was. Parkinson was offering fabulous prices, too. That exhausted the list. Trying for a pilot in a neighboring city, Hatch had no better luck. He turned to Parkinson again and said, "I'm afraid you'll have to give up the idea of flying over. There doesn't seem to be a single flier available."

"And the roads are impassable and there are no trains," said the rancher, sadly. He looked so forlorn, so disappointed and so altogether boyish, like a child disappointed in Santa Claus and, yet, in a way so like her own beloved dad, that Patsy could not resist speaking up.

"I'll fly Mr. Parkinson over if he wants me to do it," said she.

Parkinson looked at her as if he wondered whether she were trying to be funny or had suddenly gone mad, saying nothing, apparently not taking the offer seriously.

Hatch stared open-mouthed and then slapped his hand down on the desk, relieved at finding such a simple solution.

"Yes, by Jove, and she can do it, too!" he shouted. Still Parkinson looked incredulous, so Hatch explained. He told of her training and her records.

"Smartest little flier I've ever seen," he said. "She knows her stuff. Got a commercial license and I guess we can borrow a ship. All right with you, Mr. Parkinson?"

"Yes, Mr. Parkinson," interpolated Patsy. "Are you willing to fly with me or don't you feel safe with a woman pilot? Please do be entirely frank with me."

"A woman!" exclaimed Parkinson. It was his first remark since she had made her offer. "Why, you're only a child!"

"Just the same, she's a swell flier," staunchly declared Hatch.

And Patsy, a little nettled by this reference to her youth, got out her licenses to show her prospective passenger. She never traveled as much as a city block without them. But while she was assuring Mr. Parkinson of her ability and he was assuring her he believed in it, McManus returned from his errand to get Smith's Fairchild cabin ship and reported the cabin job out of the question because of damaged landing gear.

"So it seems we'll have to take an open cockpit job," remarked Patsy cheerfully to her prospective passenger. She was poking around in the next room, looking for helmets and flying suits and parachutes, knowing that Hatch always had an assortment there. "And," she added, "if we are going, the sooner we get started the better for all of us."

Meanwhile Hatch had got his call through to Smith who seemed delighted to rent out his open

cockpit Travelair. As for Patsy, when Parkinson told her what he considered a fair fee for the journey, she blinked and was inclined to refuse it. But then she remembered something.

"After all," she thought to herself, "I want to buy a bigger ship than the Tumbleweed, and I might as well begin to earn it right now."

So she smiled sweetly at the amazingly generous sum he mentioned and suggested that they get into warm flying clothes.

"Do you think it will be bad landing up at your place?" queried Patsy absent-mindedly as she stepped into the long and cumbersome garment of interlined brown canvas which Hatch was holding out for her. Parkinson was getting himself into a similar suit with ease which showed long experience in air travel. (Continued on page 39)



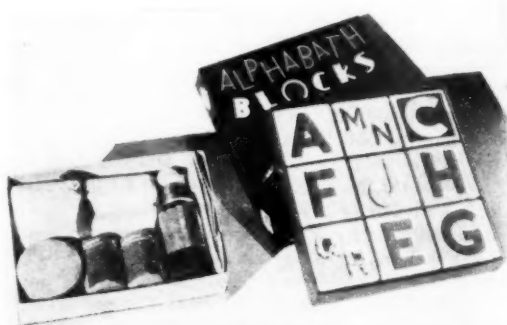
ZOOMING WITH HER FULL THROTTLE, PATSY CIRCLED IN GREAT SPIRALS

# Are You Puzzled—

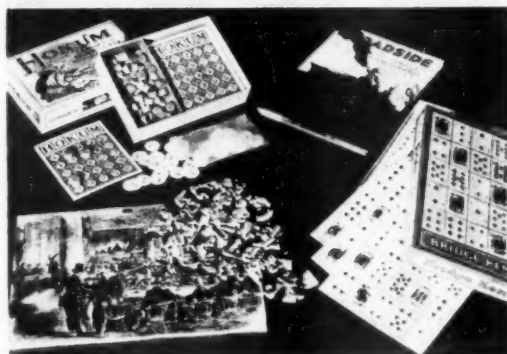
*about what you will give Aunt Jane, Grandmother, Cousin Tom, Sally? Here are suggestions to solve your problems. And everything costs around a dollar—some even less*



*Give the friend who travels a handy set of clothes pins and line, and the person who loves her bath this novel set of wash cloths wrapped in triplet fashion (above). Stand the coquettish doll, with sewing silks in the hem of her organdy skirt, on a school chum's dressing table. And turn Mother's—or Grandmother's—mending problems into sheer joy with this gay bouquet of sewing accessories. You can easily make any of the articles illustrated*



*Ideal for the college girl's week-end jaunts, is this week-end box shown at the left. It is dressed up smartly in silver and pastels. Mother, too, would enjoy it. Next to it are "Alphabath Blocks"—made out of Castile soap—to hang on the Christmas tree of some little girl or boy*



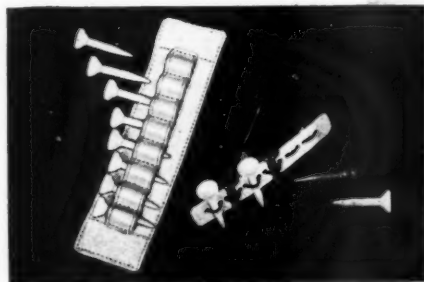
*The photograph at the top, right, and the picture of games are from R. H. Macy and Co. The week-end kit and soap blocks are from Lord and Taylor. The key ring, golf tees and scorer are from A. G. Spalding, and the flickers from Abercrombie and Fitch*



*Games! Games! The more games the more fun! A jigsaw puzzle of two hundred pieces to put together; "Bridge Keno," a game of modern tempo, spirited and alluring; "Hokum," a twin to "Lotto;" "Broadside," the game of naval strategy, are four Christmas gift possibilities (above)*



*It's fun to buy gifts for Father! Especially if he happens to be a golf enthusiast. Above, is a set of Bobby Jones Flickers—slow motion picture studies of golf's greatest stylist. Each flicker illustrates a stroke played with two clubs. Just like a series of lessons in golf*



*Another gift for the golfer is a scorer, to be worn on the wrist (shown above, under the golf-ball marker). And who wouldn't be pleased with a tee holder and tees (left)? In leather to slip on the belt, it will delight Father. In sterling silver, bar pin style, it is convenient for the woman player*

*Give that important young brother, with his first set of keys, one of these amusing good luck key chains made of sterling silver (right)*







JO ANN STOPPED SHORT. "OH!" SHE CRIED

## A two-part story by

ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

JO ANN, home from Wilmot School for the Christmas holidays, was standing on the car platform as the train stopped and, ignoring the lower steps, she leaped down and cast herself into her mother's arms, giving her a hug that almost cracked her ribs.

"Oh, joy! Oh, rapture!" cried Jo Ann. "Whoop, hurrah! Home again!"

"Darling, not quite so rough!" exclaimed Jo Ann's mother. "Welcome home, dear. But can you never learn to be less tomboyish?"

Julia Wickham, who had come to spend the holidays with Jo Ann, was descending from the train more sedately, the porter following her with the luggage.

"And Rags-Sport!" Jo Ann cried, unhanding her mother and making a dash for the dog that strained at his chain in the rumble seat of the sports car. The dog, now quite a full-grown dog, went almost crazy as Jo Ann tried to hug him. He barked and jumped and almost choked himself with his collar.

Jo Ann's mother was welcoming Julia Wickham. She turned to Jo Ann.

"Let's get the luggage into the car, Jo Ann," she said. "I want to stop and buy wreaths and holly; I left that until you came home. It's going to snow, too, and with the top of the car lowered—"

"Snow!" Jo Ann shouted.

"Wicky, is it suave?"

The air was warm for Christmas week, but the big flakes were now coming down as if they meant business—huge moist flakes. Jo Ann and Wicky stored the luggage in the rumble seat, crowding the dog somewhat, and Jo Ann's mother took the wheel and swung the car about. She set the windshield wiper wagging to wipe the sticky snow away so that she could see. Rags-Sport, the dog in which Jo Ann and the red-headed neighbor boy, Tommy Bassick, each had a half ownership, tried to climb over the folded top into Jo Ann's lap, but his chain was too short.

"Blessed pup!" Jo Ann said. "He loves me. Mother, is Tommy Bassick home? Does Rags-Sport like him

# Jo Ann's

at all? And has he been with Tommy much since he arrived home? When did he get back, Mother?"

"Tommy got home yesterday," Jo Ann's mother said. "Spenceville Academy let out a day earlier. Tommy was over this morning. The dog seems to like him. But the dog seems to like everybody. He's that kind of dog, Jo Ann."

The car turned up the street from the station. "Wicky," said Jo Ann, who was bubbling over with happiness, "this is going to be the best Christmas! Snow! And Mother wrote me that my presents are going to be just what I want most. And you here! If only," she added, "that pest of a Tommy Bassick leaves me alone and doesn't try any of his smarty tricks."

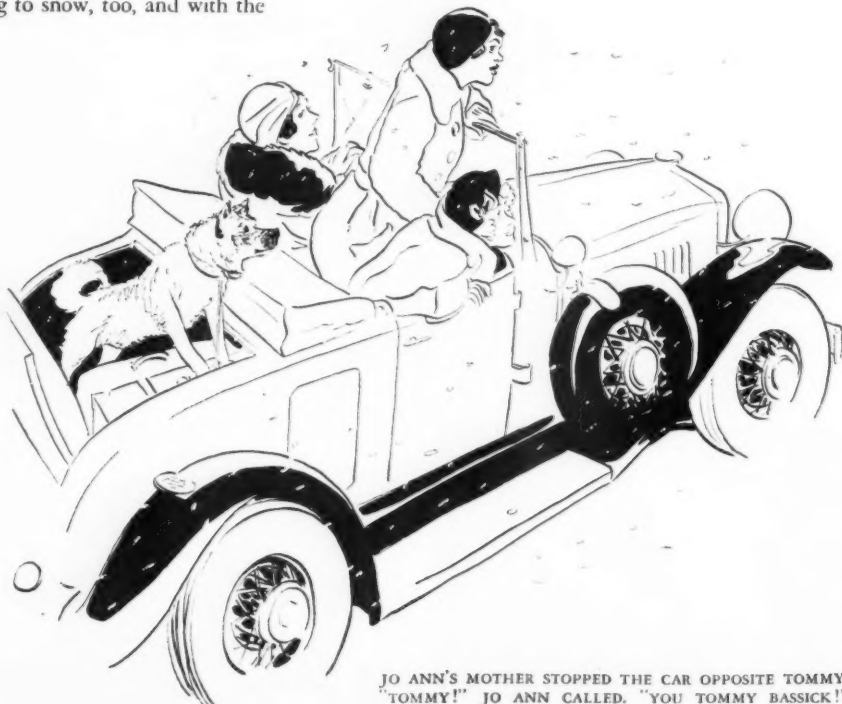
"If he does, Jo Ann," said Wicky, "you can get even with him. You always do, you know."

"I don't want to bother with him," said Jo Ann. "Not this Christmas. Everything is too lovely. Mother, there he is now! Stop the car, Mother. I might as well tell him now that I don't want any of his foolishness."

Tommy Bassick had just come out of one of the small stores and was hurrying along as fast as he could walk, unconscious that Jo Ann was anywhere near. He was carrying a parcel, holding it by the cord. The parcel was rather large, about two feet high and a foot or so square, and it was evidently a box wrapped in paper. It did not seem heavy, for Tommy was carrying it held in front of him, with his arm bent. By the careful way he carried it, the box might have contained a vase filled with water. Tommy was grinning as if much pleased with himself.

Jo Ann's mother stopped the car opposite him. "Tommy!" Jo Ann called. "You Tommy Bassick!"

The effect on Tommy was instantaneous. As he stopped and saw Jo Ann his mouth opened. Then he turned beet red in the face and swung the package behind his back,



JO ANN'S MOTHER STOPPED THE CAR OPPOSITE TOMMY. "TOMMY!" JO ANN CALLED. "YOU TOMMY BASSICK!"



# Christmas Mystery



RAGS-SPORT

Illustrations by Garrett Price

trying to hide it. He seemed to be both startled and confused at seeing them. Jo Ann wondered what was the matter.

"Why—why, hello, Jo Ann!" he stammered. "How do?"

"Pile in," Jo Ann said. "We'll take you home. There's room in the rumble seat if you don't mind crowding in. I want to talk to you."

"Why, ur—I gotta stop at a place. I gotta stop at a lot of places. Well, I gotta go now," Tommy said, keeping his package at his back and getting redder than ever. He turned away.

"Tommy Bassick, you wait or I'll get out and make you wait!" Jo Ann said. "What have you got in that box?"

"Ur—nothing," said Tommy. "I don't have to tell you."

"I know what it is," said Jo Ann. "It's one of your smarty tricks, but you listen to me, Tommy Bassick! I'm sick of your smarty nonsense and I give you fair warning—"

"Jo Ann, please!" said her mother.

"Well, Mother," said Jo Ann, "I'm just not going to have him pestering me and mussing up my Christmas, and he may as well know it. I want to have some peace this Christmas. So you remember that, Tom Bassick! This is my last warning. Go ahead, Mother."

They left Tommy Bassick standing where he was and looking sheepish, his bundle still hidden behind him. Rags-Sport had not understood what all the fuss was about. He had tried to leap into Tommy Bassick's arms just as he had tried to leap into Jo Ann's.

"What do you suppose he had in that package?" Wicky asked. "It was something not very heavy. He held it as if it might break."

"I don't know," Jo Ann said. "I can't even guess, but I know it was for some sort of smarty trick on me. He had better not use it, that's all! He'll only regret it and be sorry if he does."

How right Jo Ann was in saying that Tommy would be sorry not even Jo Ann could guess then, and what was in the package she could not have guessed if she had tried for a week, for Tommy Bassick had planned for two months to give her the most annoying Christmas present possible. He had spent most of his pocket money for it.

"I think it is something he is going to give you for Christmas," Wicky said. "Are you going to think up something to give him?"

"No, I'm not," said Jo Ann with spirit. "I'm not going to pay the slightest attention to him. I'm not even going to send him a crazy Christmas card. I'm going to have this one Christmas without having to worry about Tommy Bassick. If he does anything too mean there's plenty of time to get even with him before we have to go back to school after New Year's. I don't even want to hear his name, Wicky. I'm sick of him."

Jo Ann's mother was glad to hear her say this, and she said as much. They stopped and loaded the remaining space of the rumble seat with wreaths and holly sprays, much to

the annoyance of Rags-Sport who yelped when the sharp-pointed leaves happened to prick him, and so they reached home, the car and everyone and everything in it now covered with snow.

The rest of that day and all night the snow continued to fall, but it was soft snow and the weather was warm. By the next morning, which was the day before Christmas, the snow was a foot deep—beautiful to look upon but damp and unpleasant to walk in—and Jo Ann and Wicky did not go out. From Tommy Bassick there came no sign whatever.

But the girls had plenty to do. Jo Ann and Wicky had their presents to wrap in gay Christmas paper, and Jo Ann's mother gave them the pleasant task of putting up the wreaths and decorating the rooms with the holly sprays. Rags-Sport enjoyed this. He lay on the floor thumping with his tail as he watched them, sometimes with his head on his paws and sometimes with his head raised as if criticizing their decorative work and approving of it. He was a rather lazy dog and if they spent too much time over one part of a room he would recline on his side, doing nothing but thumping his tail now and then.

"Look at him, the dear dog!" Jo Ann said. "I believe he knows it is Christmas time. He must have a present, Wicky. Give me some of that red ribbon."

She fastened a gorgeous bow on one side of his collar.

"Jo Ann," Wicky asked, "do you know what your father and mother are going to give you?"

"I think I do," Jo Ann said. "Mother said in a letter that I was going to be glad—that I was going to have what I most wanted and I know what that was. When I was home for Thanksgiving I saw the dearest wrist watch in Benderby's window, and a dream of a little circle brooch set with little pearls. I told Mother about them and said I'd rather have them than anything else in the world."

"I thought you wanted a lady's size shotgun and a hunting outfit," said Wicky.

"Oh, that, of course!" Jo Ann agreed. "But I knew I wouldn't get those. Father thinks I'm too young and Mother wouldn't think of giving me anything so tomboyish, so I know I won't get them. It's sure to be the brooch and the watch, Wicky, and I'm just tickled to bits."

"Well, I do think you're too young to have a shotgun," Wicky said.

"Why?" Jo Ann demanded.

"Well, perhaps not too young," Wicky amended, "but too—too enthusiastic. I'd hate to have you popping off a gun if I

were anywhere near you. I'd be so full of shot most of the time that I'd look like a sieve. You are reckless, Jo Ann."

"But, of course," said Jo Ann, "I wouldn't go hunting except with Father. But you needn't worry. I'll not get a gun. Hand me up that big spray of holly will you, please?"



"WHY—WHY, HELLO," TOMMY STAMMERED

We'll have to hurry and get this room done, so we can finish wrapping up all our presents this afternoon."

The day, with all these things to do and talk about, went quickly enough. After dinner, in the evening, Jo Ann's father brought the Christmas tree from the garage and set it in the living room to be decorated. There had been a Christmas tree for Jo Ann ever since the year when she was born and the pleasant custom was continued. Now another tree was also set in the yard and covered with electric lights in green and white and red, and Jo Ann's father did that decorating himself, leaving the indoor tree to the girls.

The trees were all done by ten o'clock and the litter swept up. The rule was that everyone went to bed early on Christmas Eve because Jo Ann always wanted to see her presents at the earliest possible moment the next morning and her mother never allowed that until Jo Ann had eaten a proper breakfast.

When the tree was decorated the final act was to carry in the presents. Each member of the family—and each guest, if any were staying at the house—had a separate place for his or her presents. Jo Ann's mother always had the table by the front window of the living-room. Jo Ann's father always had his on the table at the side of the room. Jo Ann's presents since she had been a little girl and too small to reach up onto a table, had been put on the big couch in front of the windows at the back of the living-room, and they were still always put there. There was always something "big" that had to be stood on the floor—one year a bicycle so wrapped in paper that Jo Ann could not guess what it was until she had ripped off part of the paper, and another year a huge bundle that turned out to be a writing desk—but this big present was never brought in until Jo Ann had gone reluctantly up to bed.

Mary's, the cook's presents were always put on top of the piano, for she was included in the joy of the occasion and always received presents with which she was delighted.

This year Wicky's presents were put at the far end of the couch on which Jo Ann's were put. There were plenty for Wicky, for her parents had sent them on, and the girls at school had known she was to spend Christmas with Jo Ann.

As Jo Ann's father and mother brought down their wrapped presents and distributed them in the allotted places Jo Ann, distributing her packages, saw the pile on her end of the couch grow. There were what seemed to be dozens of packages that had come by mail, for all the girls at school sent presents to one another.

Wicky's pile was almost bigger than Jo Ann's, but Jo Ann was not jealous of this. She was quite sure her father and mother would not put the watch and the brooch—if she was to receive them—on the pile until after Jo Ann went to bed, because they would be too easy to guess. And the "big" present, if there was

one this year, would be the last to be brought from the garage, or the cellar, or the attic, or wherever it was hidden.

When the last present was in place on each pile Jo Ann looked at her's with satisfaction.

"Well, I'm going to get something this year, anyway," she said with a laugh that was happy. "And look at Wicky's pile! And yours, Mother! Mother," she asked suddenly, "was there anything from Tommy Bassick in my pile?"

"Not a thing, Jo Ann," her mother said. "I looked at each package that came by mail or express and there was nothing from him. And he sent nothing over, I'm sure."

"Because if there is anything from him, Mother, I want you to take it out of my pile and throw it away and never let me see it," Jo Ann said. "And if anything does come from him, Mother, don't open it. I just know he's up to some sort of trick."

She did not say what she had thought Tommy Bassick's trick might be, but it had come into her mind that they taught some chemistry at Spenceville Academy and about the first thing the boys learned—or taught themselves—was to mix certain chemicals that thus combined gave off a perfectly fierce smell and a frightful lot of it. She did not put it beyond Tommy Bassick to rig up some sort of container that would open when the string was cut, letting out enough terrible odor to drive everybody out of the house. The red-headed nuisance might think that was funny. Nobody could ever tell what a boy thought.

"No," said Jo Ann's mother, "I'm quite sure there was nothing from Tommy. You can see there isn't anything the size of the package he was carrying."

"If anything comes from him, or if he brings anything, Mother," Jo Ann said earnestly, "don't take it. Send it back. Don't let it inside the house."

Jo Ann gave a last look around the room. The lights on the Christmas trees, inside the room and outside, were glowing in beauty, the holly and the wreaths gave the room a true Merry Christmas look that was increased by the piles of presents in their gay wrappings, and Jo Ann gave her father and mother their goodnight kisses and put her arm around Wicky's waist.

"Come on, Wicky, to bed we go. Pleasant dreams, everybody. Pleasant dreams, Rags-Sport!"

The dog, flat on a rug, opened one eye and thumped his tail twice, sighed and went to sleep again, and Jo Ann and Wicky went out of the room and up the stairs.

After they'd gone, Jo Ann's mother sighed: "Now we can get her other presents."

"I've got the watch and the brooch here in my pocket," Jo Ann's father said. "I'll bring up the chair." He put the two "best" presents on the pile on the couch. Jo Ann's mother went out and returned with a box that held a dress that Jo Ann would love, and Jo Ann's father brought up the spiffy bedroom chair from the cellar.

"All set," he said, with a final glance around, and he disconnected the lights of the indoor tree, (Continued on page 36)

RAGS-SPORT LAY ON THE FLOOR AND THUMPED WITH HIS TAIL AS HE WATCHED





IT WAS ON THIS TRIP THAT HE ENCOUNTERED THE TERRIFIC WEATHER WHICH INSPIRED THE STORM MUSIC OF "THE FLYING DUTCHMAN"

# Richard Wagner

IN Leipzig, one of Germany's most celebrated centers of music, was born in 1813 the greatest of all composers of dramatic music and a highly gifted poet—Richard Wilhelm Wagner. His father, Karl Friedrich Wilhelm Wagner, was clerk to the city police-courts. His mother was Johanna Risina Paetz, daughter of a well-to-do baker of Weissenfels. Father Wagner was a far more interesting man than his dry occupation would seem to suggest. He was a great lover of the arts; particularly the theater attracted him and he numbered many famous writers of the day among his intimate friends. Perhaps the most notable of these was E. T. A. Hoffmann, one of the greatest literary geniuses of the Romantic period in Germany.

Unfortunately, Richard's father died of an epidemic fever following the battle of Leipzig when Richard was only six months old. His mother was left in dire straits. Her eldest son was but fourteen, and her pension was tiny. One of the closest friends of the family had been Ludwig Geyer, a talented actor. He stood by the widow in her trouble, and took care of several of the children. Soon after, he persuaded Richard's mother to marry him and the family moved to Dresden. Here they led a merry and carefree life. Geyer's house was a meeting place for artists, musicians and poets. One of the family intimates was the famous composer of *Der Freischuetz*, Carl Maria von Weber. Little Richard often accompanied his stepfather to the rehearsals in the theater and was thus early initiated into the secrets and atmosphere behind the scenes. But these good times were not destined to last. In Richard's eighth year, Ludwig Geyer, his greatly loved stepfather, still in his best years, died of tuberculosis.

Thus the family was for the second time robbed of its chief provider. But this time, matters were not so serious. The older children could take care of themselves. Richard was sent to the Kreuzschule in Dresden. He was in no way a wonder child. He was a normal, bright boy, easily influenc-

By JEROME D. BOHM

*Illustration by Elaine Mason*

ed and roused to enthusiasm. Having won praise for a poem written on the death of a school companion he decided to become a poet. He began to write a tragedy in verse in the ancient

Greek fashion and became a devoted worshiper of the works of Shakespeare. Being a rather wild and impetuous youth, he easily persuaded his mother to allow him to move to Leipzig where his adored sister, Rosalie, lived. One evening at a concert at the Gewandhaus in his fifteenth year, he first heard the music of Beethoven. The impression was such an overwhelming one that he decided to become a musician in order to write the music for his own poetic tragedy. He began studying by himself at first, and then with a teacher. However, he had no patience to practice on an instrument, and the study of theory with its endless rules bored him. Only the music of Beethoven whose scores he studied secretly at night by the flickering light of a candle inspired him. He soon realized that music alone could aid him to express what he had been unable to accomplish in poetry alone. He left the Nikolai school where he had been and entered the University of Leipzig as a music student. Here chance threw in his way an admirable teacher: the Cantor of the Thomaschule, Theodor Weinlig. In six months, Richard had completely mastered the principles of harmony and counterpoint and he was ready to tread his thorny path as a composer.

To tell in detail his adventurous life would take volumes. In fact one author, Glasenapp, has required six stout tomes to tell this often fantastic tale. Wagner was thrown from pillar to post for many years. He occupied the position as conductor in Magdeburg, where he met his first wife, the talented actress, Minna Planer. The director of the Magdeburg Theater went bankrupt and Wagner next followed a call to Koenigsberg in East Prussia. It did not take long for the Koenigsberg Theater to follow suit and likewise declare bankruptcy. The unfortunate Richard then braved the hardships of a Russian winter and be- (Continued on page 38)



# What Shall I Give Her?



By HAZEL  
RAWSON  
CADES

*Good Looks Editor, Woman's Home Companion*

*Illustration by Katherine Shane Bushnell*

PERFUME, SOAP, BATH SALTS, FACE POWDER AND  
COMPACTS ARE THE SORT OF THINGS WE LOVE  
TO GIVE AS WELL AS TO GET FOR CHRISTMAS

SAY "Christmas gift?" to anyone—quickly, just like that—and count ten—and she will be pretty sure to gasp "Handkerchief!" Give her another minute and she will probably name you something beautifying. Perfume, soap, bath salts, face powder, compacts and manicure kits are all the sort of things we love to give as well as to get. And if you don't believe me, all you have to do is to go into the shops at Christmas time and see how the toilet goods counters bloom and expand for your benefit and pleasure.

It's easier, I'll admit, to select a handkerchief, but if you want to enliven your Christmas list, why not one of these others? They will prove just as usable, just as decorative and rather more amusing to buy.

Toilet preparations may not be bought, like so many things, just by the way they look. You must be sure first of all that they are of good quality. The name of the manufacturer will guarantee this, and it's important to check on it for no one who is intelligent wants to take chances using inferior soaps or creams or powders on her skin.

The type of preparation is the next thing to decide. Everybody uses soap, of course, but powder and bath salts are more specialized gifts and perfume to many people a lovely luxury, is, strange to say, just a nuisance to others.

If you are giving to people who are familiar users of toilet articles, find out if they are wedded to certain brands, and if so, give them the kind they like. Or perhaps they are not particular about the maker, so long as he's reputable, but are especially fond of certain odors in the things they use. To discover this preference and try to meet it in your gift is one sure way to make your giving more gracious.

If what you give is to be used personally by the receiver it should be especially adapted to her needs. For example, if you select face powder you should be careful to make sure that it is her preferred weight and texture as well as shade.

Where color is a factor, in a preparation or its packaging, make your gift more appreciated by being careful to key it to the bathroom, dressing table or favorite costume colors of the one who is to use it. Soaps, bath salts, bath powders, for example, should be toned to the bathroom, and face powder containers, tissues, and cream jars to bathroom or dressing table, according to the dressing habits of the

receiver of gifts. Compacts, however, and other portable paraphernalia should, if possible be selected in colors to match or give smart contrast to the clothes that they are to accompany. If you're undecided about what color to select in a compact you can, of course, fall back on red which is gay and Christmassy and very smart this year in accessories.

For a stocking toe gift for your mother or your big sister, maybe, there's a cunning little leak-proof perfume container (illustrated) which they are sure to like.

A purse pencil for the fingernails is another small gift that can be recommended. The "lead" is really a whitening preparation which dampened and run under the nail makes it neat in a minute. The pencil comes in green and a small sharpener is supplied with it (illustrated).

If you don't know what color bathroom your gift of bath powder will be called upon to match, it's nice to select a flowered box that can accommodate itself easily. The one I've selected to illustrate has a very modern flower design which is most adaptable. The box, incidentally, is of tin, an excellent material for a bath powder box because it can't get water soaked and it won't break if dropped.

Anyone can use and is sure to like the box of six little cakes of rose geranium guest soap (illustrated). You can give the box as it is, or if you want several little stocking presents, you can wrap each cake separately in gay paper.

The wicker flask of English lavender is a charming gift for *grand'mère*, for your friend who goes traveling, or indeed for anyone. It has distinction and it's practical too, for the wicker sheath makes the bottle unbreakable.

These, of course, are only a few of the many things that you can find. You can give a grand gift of bath salts or a simple useful one of a packet of powder puffs. Soaps come in fascinating scents and sizes, all the way from midget to mammoth and from jasmine to geranium. Atomizers are very smart for perfume, toilet water, or (quite new), for spraying on "body powder." The new manicure kits are efficiency itself. And you could buy a different compact for each of all your friends without repeating colors or designs.

So I hope you will have lots of fun with your Christmas list this year. And lots of appreciation. And please consider that you have been wished by me "a very merry Christmas."





# Your Christmas Decorations

HELEN PERRY CURTIS *tells how you can help conserve our vanishing Christmas greens*

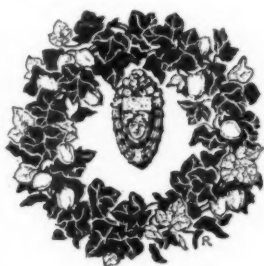
*Decorations by J. M. Rosé*

ALL of us who love outdoor things are interested in preserving and protecting them, whether it be wild flowers, birds, or our rapidly disappearing wild animals. It is for this reason that the United States government has created so many parks and reservations and that even the small organizations in our own home towns are trying to help preserve our natural beauty. We can all help, too. The chief way that we can help at this time of year is by conserving some of our vanishing Christmas greens. We are being constantly warned that unless we are more careful in our use of them, we will soon have no holly, laurel or ground pine left and in some parts of the country other berries and leaves, such as the Oregon grape, spotted wintergreen and the red toyon berries of California, are fast disappearing.

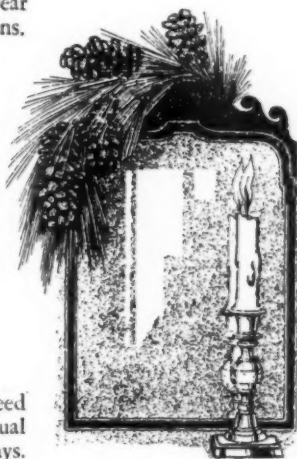
If the thousands of girls who read this magazine would all ask their families and friends not to buy wreaths and garlands made of these particular leaves and berries, they could do much to create an interest in preserving them. On the other hand, there are loads of lovely Christmas wreaths which you may make yourselves by gathering interesting greens from your own woods and gardens. If these are carefully cut instead of being broken off, and if you gather them only in moderation where your shrubs and trees need pruning, no harm will be done, and you will have unusual and individual decorations for your Christmas holidays.

The wreaths and branches and garlands which I shall describe here are delightful, not only for your own home, but as Christmas gifts for your neighbors and friends. What could be more thrilling on a snowy Christmas morning than to open one's door and find a branch of white pine with silvered cones tied to one's knocker with a huge red ribbon, or a lovely hemlock wreath brightened with clusters of scarlet cranberries and a gay card attached, waiting on the door step. Almost anyone can go out and buy a simple gift, but your friends will appreciate infinitely more the remembrance which is so Christmassy and into which you have put your own thought and handiwork.

First of all let's talk about wreaths. Most of you live where cedar, spruce, hemlock, balsam, white pine, or some of the longer needled evergreens grow. Almost any one of these will do for a foundation for your wreath. You may build it either on a wire ring which you make yourself of a fairly heavy wire, or on a sapling curved into a circle and tied together in any



size you wish. For making your wreath, a fine copper wire which comes on a spool, or a green-covered wire such as they use for making artificial flowers, or even a fine green string will serve. The wire is a little more satisfactory as it can be bent into place more firmly. On to your circular base first bind some of the softer greens, such as cedar, or one of the fine-leaved pines. And over this bind the outer branches and berries, whatever they are to be.



First of all, let us make a white pine wreath, using short fronds which still carry the cones if possible. If the cones have fallen they may be wired on separately. After the branches have been carefully fastened to the foundation, silver the cones by brushing them over lightly with silver, gilt or radiator paint, touching only the outer tips of the cone and leaving the lovely shadows in the depths. If you prefer, you may use gold paint or red lacquer, putting it on rather dry with a stiff brush.

For ribbon you may use the usual Christmas ribbon which you can buy quite cheaply at the ten cent store, a transparent, gauzy ribbon which you find at a florist's, or if you wish to be more economical, a two or three inch strip of red crêpe paper. Attach a short length of wire or a piece of black linen thread to hang it by and you will have a lovely wreath.

If you make your wreath of cedar that has the berries still attached, touch them up delicately with silver or red lacquer and the effect will be charming. You can do the same thing with some of the fine-leaved pines that carry very tiny cones.

If you have boxwood in your garden you may easily pick small branches of it underneath in such a way that the pruning will help rather than harm the tree. This makes beautiful wreaths to which you may add color with bunches of barberry or clusters of scarlet cranberry strung three on a fine wire and placed at intervals.

Ivy makes an original type of wreath. Cut your fronds carefully so that you will not hurt the parent vine, bind the ivy to the foundation of cedar or fine hemlock and give it color with the orange seed pods called Japanese lanterns, which may be shellacked so that they will last longer. The wreath, when (Continued on page 48)

*For what has happened  
so far in this story  
see page forty-six*

By EDITH BISHOP SHERMAN

*Illustrations by  
C. J. McCarthy*



MISS MILLS, TAPPING A FRENCH GRAMMAR AND INQUIRING. "YOU SAY YOU HAVE NEVER HAD ANY FRENCH AT ALL?" ELICITED A GROAN FROM HER NEW PUPIL

## Polly What's-Her-Name

FOR an instant the strange impression of Isobel Dalton's angry face, of her upraised, threatening arm, the intent, almost cringing attitude of the other girl, held. Then it vanished and Miss Dalton, with her usual expression of indifference, moved forward to meet them, saying casually, "Miss Drake, Miss Mills. And er—er—Polly, Miss Mills. She has an appointment with you, I believe, Jane."

Jane Drake smiled at the newcomer, a thin, studious-looking girl in spectacles. "We're sorry we're late," she apologized. "Let us go inside, where we can be more comfortable."

"No, oh, no!" The little cry seemed to burst from Miss Mills' lips. "I—I—simply came to tell you that I cannot accept the position you offer. I—I—"

Polly, chancing to glance at Miss Dalton, involuntarily shrank back a little at the black expression upon the latter's face. But even as the young girl stared, Isobel Dalton's face changed once more. She smiled.

"Sarah means she thinks that because she has illness at home it might possibly keep her from her work. She needs the work, and I have been trying to convince her that you will be willing to make allowances if occasional emergencies arise."

"But," began Miss Mills again. Then glancing at the other, she visibly hesitated. "At least, of course, I have been hoping to secure this place ever since Miss Dalton told me of it. But under the circumstances, Miss Drake, I don't feel that you should—that I should—" Her voice died away into miserable silence.

Miss Drake regarded her with frankly puzzled eyes. "Well," she said after an uncertain pause. "I don't want to press you to take the position against your will. Suppose

we go into my library and discuss the matter? At least," she laughed a little, "we have some easy chairs there."

Polly, to her disappointment, was dismissed to her own room. The interview had promised to be an interesting one! But she was used to obedience and disappeared silently up the stairs to her room. When, half an hour later Kotowa summoned her to the library, the matter had evidently been settled to Miss Dalton's entire satisfaction. She reminded Polly, somehow, of the kitten out at Mrs. King's, just after he had lapped up a saucerful of cream.

"Miss Mills will be here tomorrow, Polly dear, in order to go over some of your text books before you start in at Miss Moffett's on Monday," Jane informed the girl.

When the governess came the next day, it seemed to Polly's dismay and immediate discouragement, that she had everything in the world to learn. Miss Mills, tapping a French grammar and inquiring, "You say you have never had any French at all?" elicited a groan from her new pupil.

"Not a word of French!" Polly plumped her elbows upon her knees, propped her chin in her hands and stared forlornly at the girl. "And I don't know any Latin or geometry either! Do you really think I can ever learn now?"

Miss Mills, glancing at her kindly through her spectacles: "Why not?" she asked in return. "You are as bright as any other fifteen-year-old girl I've met."

"But probably most of the others had some chance to learn books before they were fifteen," pointed out Polly hopelessly. "I know lots about babies and children, more than most girls, I guess."

Miss Mills smiled. She had a vague, rather mirthless smile. As a matter of fact her whole personality, like her clothes and her hair and the eyes behind thick spectacles,

gave an impression of drab monotony, of expecting always the worst, so that now when she spoke, although it was reassuringly, Polly felt no answering gleam of hope or comfort.

"Well, I wouldn't worry about your studies or about meeting the other girls at Miss Moffett's," and Miss Mills stopped to moisten her thin, colorless lips and to glance furtively around, a habit Polly had noticed at once. "You'll get along all right, I'm sure and—did you wish something?"

"Only a book," drawled Miss Dalton's voice behind Polly. As the girl glanced around in surprise, wondering how long Miss Dalton had been standing upon the other side of the heavy curtains that separated library from living-room, Isobel advanced into the room, smiling enigmatically at Miss Mills. She trailed over to the book-shelves, glanced through several books, the governess waiting in pointed silence. And as she sat motionless, Polly somehow sensed bitter discord, despite their supposed friendship, between the two young women. That strange first impression flashed back to the girl—of Miss Mills sitting motionless in the glassed corridor with Isobel Dalton's upraised arm threatening her.

At last Isobel, book in hand, left the library, and lessons were resumed; but Polly, wading wearily through French grammar, repeating dates in ancient history and figuring simple algebra problems, felt more hopeless than ever about school and all the terrifying new contacts she must make there.

It was with real fright then that she followed Miss Mills up the school steps upon a certain Monday morning. As they waited in the office for the registrar to take care of them, Miss Mills spoke to Polly.

"I'll be here this afternoon at the close of school for you," she said.

"What for?" demanded Polly in astonishment. "I can walk back alone from here all right. 'Tain't far. Why, when I lived at Fairview I used to go everywhere all by myself.

Sometimes I had to go quite long distances and every once in a while, I even had to take the younger children somewhere."

Miss Mills smiled mirthlessly. "You must remember that you're not at Fairview any more. Miss Drake told me to come for you."

"That's different," responded Polly promptly. "If Jane told you to come for me, I'll wait for you after school."

The registrar's voice interrupted her. "Now, Polly, if you will take this card and follow me, I'll get your books for you." And Polly, nodding goodbye to Miss Mills, found herself started upon a life far different from the one she had led at Fairview.

Yet, to her honest surprise and intense relief, she found the girls at Miss Moffett's as kindly and genuine and cordial as Henrietta and Alice had been back at Fairview. Minute by minute, class after class, Polly's apprehensions were allayed until, at the close of school, she felt as though she had always come here to school, had always worked and played with these girls.

It was only when, at the close of the afternoon session and Polly, hidden by a row of lockers was preparing to leave, that a chance conversation she overheard rather upset her recently gained reassurance and stirred into life that old desire to know her parentage. Once more she heard Mr. Van Vorten's deep, modulated voice say something about "tragic little story, that of Polly What's-Her-Name." But now the desire became overwhelming. She stood with blazing cheeks and eyes bright, as the casual, girlish voices went on and on.

"Orphan?" repeated one of the voices incredulously. "Polly Drake, the new pupil, an orphan? You mean—the real kind? From an orphan asylum, Babs?"

"Yes." Barbara Holden must have nodded. "I don't think it's any secret. I mean, how could it be a secret when everyone knows that Jane Drake herself, was an orphan, living



OUT OF A BY-PATH FORGED ANOTHER HORSE AND RIDER—SLOWLY—AGONIZINGLY SO TO JANE—THIS THIRD RIDER DREW ABREAST OF POLLY



with a wealthy old aunt and then suddenly, there is this young sister? I ragged Aunt Grace, who was in Jane's class at school and a good friend of hers, into telling me, when I heard that Polly Drake had been enrolled, and—"

"Ragged?" exclaimed several voices. "Oh, Babs, then you probably weren't supposed to tell—"

"What harm? You simply can't keep a thing like that secret! Besides, it isn't the poor girl's fault. There is nothing to be ashamed of in the fact that you came from an orphan asylum! Lots of wonderful people have." A little pause, then Barbara went on slowly. "Only—how awful—how terrible not to know who you are, who your own people were—"

Then Barbara's car was announced and the little crowd swept out of the cloak room to go home with her.

Polly, left alone behind the lockers, stood quite still. She must know who she was. It was all very well for Jane to bestow her own name upon the nameless orphan, but she must know. Jane must help her, Polly told herself steadily, putting away her papers, straightening the books she was to leave in the locker until the next morning. Never again could she really rest until she knew her own name, the name that rightfully belonged to her! She simply *had* to know.

Lambert, the school servant, came around the corner of the lockers toward her. "Someone—your governess, I think—is waiting for you, Miss Drake," she said. Jamming on her smart, little toque, slipping her arms into the new coat, Polly went out to Miss Mills.

Although she left the school with a sober face, and walked along the snowy streets back home quite silently, she felt better when she reached home. But her determination remained to ask Jane to help her discover her real name.

It was almost as though deliberately that Isobel Dalton seemed to thwart Polly's every chance to ask Jane this, however. Time after time Polly opened her mouth to speak to Jane, after making sure they were alone, when inevitably Isobel would appear. And so it was fully a week later before she found opportunity to broach the subject. It came about naturally then, upon an evening so stormy that Jane had cancelled an engagement to stay at home before the fire and Isobel had gone out upon some errand of her own.

Jane, after awhile, looked across the big hearth at Polly, curled up on one of the cushioned ingle-nooks opposite. "Happy, Polly?" she asked smiling.

"Yes, Jane," answered Polly.

But a little later, Jane, glancing across, surprised a very sober look upon the round face. "Why, Polly," she said lightly, "I thought you said you were happy. You look like a bear with a sore foot!"

Polly suddenly swung her feet to the floor and sat bolt upright. "I am happy, Jane," she replied, "only—" she hesitated.

"Only what?"

It came stammering. "Only—only—you see, I want to know who I really am, Jane. I'd be perfectly happy, then, I think."

"But, Polly child," Jane said gently, "you have a name. Don't you like the name of Drake?"

Polly nodded. "It's a fine one," she responded. "But, Jane, it isn't really mine!"

"Why, yes it is, dear. It's as much yours as mine, now. It's as much yours as the law can make it."

"But the law isn't like being born with a name," said Polly, shaking her head. "It isn't like having it handed down to you from one person to another, through years and years."

Jane was silent a moment; then she said honestly, "No, I suppose it isn't, Polly. Well, I'll tell you what we can do. We can go to Miss Morton and see what clues she has missed.

There may be something she has overlooked. I'll help you all I can, Polly, and I'm sure Miss Morton will, too."

"I'm afraid it'd be no use to go to Miss Morton," sighed Polly. "She told Mr. Van Vorten they had tried to trace my name and it wasn't any use. I was too young to remember anything worth while to help them, she said. But I—" She stopped short. Should she tell Jane about Mike? Maybe she'd think it was sort of silly, that memory of him and the big kitchen.

"But what, Polly?"

Polly came out of a brief reverie, to find Jane still patiently regarding her. "But nothing," she laughed evasively. "I was just trying to remember something, but it wasn't anything important. Look, Jane, between those end logs. Doesn't it look like the Fire Fairy's palace in there, where it's glowing crimson?"

Jane nodded smilingly and did not press her question. She had the wisdom to know that it was better not to force Polly's confidence, sure that in due time the girl would tell her that afterthought which had come to her.

Polly, herself, however, was sorry the moment she had spoken. Why had she not been frank with Jane? Why had she not allowed her to go to Miss Morton, as she had offered? Perhaps some little clue might have revealed itself to Jane, which both Mr. Van Vorten and Miss Morton had overlooked. She turned impulsively, ready to tell about red-haired Mike, about the big kitchen and "Mother McGinnis"; but before she could speak, Isobel swept into the room and her chance was gone.

Many times, then, during the following days, Polly reproached herself for having refused the chance Jane had offered her of trying once more to find out something about herself. But never again did there seem to be any chance to speak to Jane alone.

This was not Jane's fault, of course. She was an extremely busy young woman. She led a gay and charming existence, with parties and dashes out of town for long week-ends. But she led a useful life as well, for she served upon innumerable boards and committees and was generous in giving her time and money to causes in which she was interested.

This, then, was the girl who had, almost for the sake of a whim, for she had enough wealth, as she had said, to be quite comfortable, adopted Polly as casually as buying a pair of gloves; who had, with equal casualness, invited a comparative stranger to visit her indefinitely for no other reason than that Isobel had joined her one night in the hotel lounge when Jane, deserted by the Applebys that morning, had been feeling a trifle lonely.

Somehow Isobel created restlessness in a place the moment she was there. Pillows upon a couch would be thrown upon the floor to make room for Isobel's feet did she lie down upon the living-room couch. Papers and magazines would be flung this way or that when Jane's house guest was through with them. The servants were kept busy constantly picking up after Miss Dalton, the wrap she had dropped upon a chair, the discarded gown which would lie in a disorderly ring upon the floor.

But quite the worst of her habits was that of borrowing. Jane's hats, Jane's coats, would be worn without so much as a by-your-leave. This really amused Jane, who was the most generous of souls. Perhaps Suzanne might have murmured to herself when she found articles that needed to be mended or pressed before the rightful owner could don them; but Jane only laughed when she met her hat or coat going out the door upon Isobel.

Polly, used to the strictness maintained at Fairview, watched these proceedings aghast. Accustomed to the few garments of the orphan home being tagged and taken care of by each child, she could not get over the constant surprise of seeing Isobel emerge from Jane's dressing room—generally when Jane was (Continued on page 45)



DECORATED BOXES  
OR CELLOPHANE-  
COVERED BASKETS  
FILLED WITH  
HOMEMADE CANDIES  
MAKE UNUSUALLY  
ATTRACTIVE  
CHRISTMAS GIFTS



## Sweets for Christmas

IN GOING through the October issue of *THE AMERICAN GIRL* I came across an account

of how each one of the thousand members of a Girl Scout troop not only planted a bulb to be given to a shut-in at Christmas time, but made the container, "painting and pasting pictures and shellacking jars and dishes." I was thrilled with the idea—indeed so thrilled that I am copy-cattin' a little, and am suggesting another idea for Christmas gifts not only for the shut-ins, but for your friends as well. It is to make your own candy boxes and fill them with homemade candy.

If you have been thrifty and saved all those delightful cards that you received last year and all the good-looking boxes that have come your way this year, you already have a nucleus with which to begin work. Some of these boxes may be used just as they are. The three in the illustration at the top of this page have already served as containers of notepaper but they are even more attractive as candy boxes. Less attractive boxes may be converted into candy containers by decorating them with Christmas papers, cards, seals, tape and passe partout. When filled with candy, wrapped in Christmas paper or cellophane, and decorated with Christmas seals and ribbons, these will not be the least attractive among your Christmas gifts.

There are many kinds of candy that can be made at home, but space permits me to deal with only one. I have chosen fondant.

There are two kinds of fondant that you can make—cooked and uncooked. The cooked is the better of the two. You must take into consideration, however, that not only is it more difficult to make than the uncooked, but it must

By WINIFRED MOSES

be made up several days beforehand and put into a glass jar to ripen. The uncooked can be made at a moment's

notice, but it needs to be eaten almost as soon as made if it is to appear at its best, for it gets stale almost immediately.

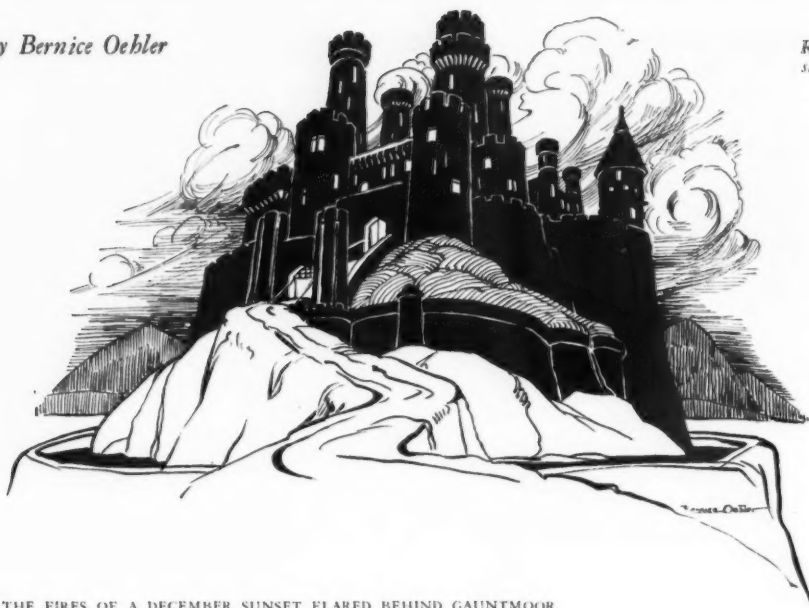
### *Cooked Fondant*

2 cups sugar  
1½ cups water

¼ teaspoon vinegar or  
¼ teaspoon lemon juice

This amount will make about one pound of candy. Assemble the following utensils: a two-quart saucepan with a cover; a measuring cup; measuring spoons—a teaspoon and tablespoon; a pastry brush or a swab made by wrapping a strip of cheesecloth around the tines of a fork and tying it in place with a bit of string; a wide spatula; and, if you have one, a candy thermometer. Candy can be made without a thermometer, but with one better results are achieved. To these add a clean wide-mouthed glass jar with a cover and a piece of waxed paper.

If you are using a thermometer, it will be safest to test it before starting the candy. Put some water in a saucepan and bring it to the boiling point. When it boils insert your thermometer and note the temperature. On a Fahrenheit thermometer the boiling point of water is 212 degrees; on a Centigrade thermometer it is 100 degrees. If your thermometer registered 212 degrees—if it is a Fahrenheit—or 100 degrees—if it is a Centigrade—then your thermometer is all right. But if it registers more or less you will have to take this into account in cooking your candy. If it registers less, you will subtract the number of degrees below the boiling point of water from the re- (Continued on page 37)



THE FIRES OF A DECEMBER SUNSET FLARED BEHIND GAUNTMOOR

# The Transplanted Ghost

WHEN Aunt Elizabeth asked me to spend Christmas with her at Seven Oaks she appended a

peculiar request to her letter. "Like a good fellow," she wrote, "won't you drop off at Perkinsville, Ohio, on your way, and take a look at Gauntmoor Castle? They say it's a wonderful old pile; and its history is in many ways connected with that of our own family. As long as you're the last of the Geoffrey Pierreponts, such things ought to interest you." Like her auburn namesake who bossed the Thames of yore, sweet, red-haired, romantic autocrat, Aunt Elizabeth! Her wishes were commands.

"What the deuce is Aunt Elizabeth up to now?" I asked Tim Cole, my law-partner, whom I found in my rooms smoking my tobacco. "Why should I be inspecting Gauntmoor Castle—and what is a castle named Gauntmoor doing in Perkinsville, Ohio, anyway? Perkinsville sounds like the Middle West, and Gauntmoor sounds like the Middle Ages."

"Right in both analyses," said the pipe-poaching Tim. "Castle Gauntmoor *is* from the Middle Ages, and we all know about where in Ohio Perkinsville is. But is it possible that you, twenty-seven years old and a college graduate, haven't heard of Thaddeus Hobson, the Marvelous Millionaire?" I shook my head. "The papers have been full of Hobson in the past two or three years," said Tim. "It was in 1898, I think, that Fate jumped Thaddeus Hobson to the golden Olympus. He was first head salesman in the village hardware store, then he formulated so successful a scheme to clean up the Tin Plate Combine that he put away a fabulous number of millions in a year, and subsequently went to England. Finally he set his heart on Norman architecture. After a search he found the ancient Castle Gauntmoor still habitable and for sale. He thrilled the British comic papers by his offer to buy the castle and move it to America. Hobson saw the property, telegraphed to London, and closed the deal in two hours. And an army of laborers at once began taking the Gauntmoor to pieces, stone by stone."

"Transporting that relic to America involved a cost in labor and ingenuity comparable with nothing that has yet

By WALLACE IRWIN

happened. Moving the Great Pyramid would be a lighter job, perhaps. Thousands of tons of scarred and medieval

granite were carried to the railroads, freighted to the sea, and dragged across the Atlantic in whopping big lighters chartered for the job. And the next the newspapers knew, the monster was set up in Perkinsville, Ohio."

"But why did he do it?" I asked.

"Who knows?" said Tim. "Ingrowing sentiment—unlimited capital—wanted to do something for the Home Town, probably; wanted to beautify the village that gave him his start—and didn't know how to go at it. Well, so long!" he called out, as I seized my hat and streaked for the train.

It was dinner time when the train pulled in at Perkinsville. The town was undistinguished as I expected. I was too hungry to care about castles at the moment, so I took the 'bus for the Commercial Hotel, an establishment that seemed to live up to its name, both in sentiment and in accommodation. The landlord, Mr. Spike, referred bitterly to the castle, which, he explained, was, by its dominating presence, "spoilin' the prosperous appearance of Perkinsville." Dinner over, he led me to a side porch.

"How does Perkinsville look with that—with that curio squattin' on top of it?" asked Mr. Spike sternly, as he pointed over the local livery stable, over Smith Brothers' Plow Works, over Odd Fellows' Hall, and up, up to the bleak hills beyond, where, poised like a stony coronet on a giant's brow, rose the great Norman towers and frowning buttresses of Gauntmoor Castle. I rubbed my eyes. No, it *couldn't* be real—it must be a wizard's work!

"What's old Hobson got out of it?" said Mr. Spike in my ear. "Nothin' but an old stone barn, where he can set all day nursin' a grouch and keepin' his daughter Anita—they do say he does—under lock and key for fear somebody's goin' to marry her for her money."

Mr. Spike looked up at the ramparts defiantly, even as the Saxon churl must have gazed in an earlier, far sadder land.

"It's romantic," I suggested.

"Yes, *darn* rheumatic," agreed Mr. Spike.

"Is it open for visitors?" I asked innocently.

"Hobson?" cackled Spike. "He'd no more welcome a stranger to that place than he'd welcome—a ghost. He's a hol-ee terror, Hobson!"

Mr. Spike turned away to look after some business that needed his immediate attention.

The fires of a December sunset flared behind Gauntmoor and cast the grim shadows of Medievalism over Mediocrity, which lay below. Presently the light faded, and I grew tired of gazing. Since Hobson would permit no tourists to inspect his castle, why was I here on this foolish trip? Already I was planning to wire Aunt Elizabeth a sarcastic reference to being marooned at Christmas with a castle on my hands, when a voice at my shoulder said suddenly: "Mr. Hobson sends his compliments, sir, and wants to know would Mr. Pierrepont come up to Gauntmoor for the night?"

A groom in a plum-colored livery stood at my elbow. A light station wagon was waiting just outside. How the deuce did Hobson know my name? What did he want of me at Gauntmoor this time of night? Yet prospects of bed and breakfast away from the Commercial lured me strangely.

"Sure, Mr. Pierrepont will be delighted," I announced, leaping into the vehicle, and soon we were mounting upward, battling with the winds around the time-scarred walls. The wagon stopped at the great gate. A horn sounded from within, the gate swung open, a drawbridge fell with a hideous creaking of machinery, and we passed in, twenty or thirty feet above the snow-drifted moat. Beyond the portcullis a dim door swung open. Some sort of seneschal met us with a light and led us below the twilight arches, where, beyond, I could catch glimpses of the baileys and courts and the donjon tower against the heavy ramparts.

The wind hooted through the high galleries as we passed; but the west wing, from its many windows and loopholes, blazed with cheerful yellow light. It looked nearly cozy. Into a tall, gaunt tower we plunged, down a winding staircase, and suddenly we came into a vast hall, stately with tapestries and innumerable monkish carvings—and all brightly lighted with electricity!

A little fat man sat smoking in a chair near the fire. When I entered he was in his shirt sleeves, reading a newspaper, but when a footman announced my name the little man, in a state of great nervousness, jumped to his feet and threw on a coat, fidgeting painfully with the armholes. As he came toward me, I noticed that he was perfectly bald. He looked dyspeptic and discontented, like a practical man trying vainly to adjust his busy habits to a lazy life. Obviously he didn't go with the rest of the furniture.

"Pleased to see you, Mr. Pierrepont," he said, looking me over carefully as if he thought of buying me. "Geoffrey Pierrepont—tut, tut!—ain't it queer!"

"Queer!" I said rather peevishly. "What's queer about it?"

"Excuse me, did I say queer? I

didn't mean to be impolite, sir—I was just thinking, that's all."

You could hear the demon Army of the Winds scaling the walls outside.

"Maybe you thought it kind of abrupt, Mr. Pierrepont, me asking you up here so unceremonious," he said. "My daughter Annie, she tells me I ought to live up to the looks of the place; but I've got my notions. To tell you the truth, I'm in an awful quandary about this Antique Castle business and when I heard you was at the hotel, I thought you might help me out some way. You see you—"

He led me to a chair and offered me a fat cigar.

"Young man," he said, "when you get your head above water and make good in the world—if you ever do—don't fool with curios, don't monkey with antiques. Keep away from castles. They're like everything else sold by curio dealers—all humbug. Look nice, yes. But get 'em over to America and they either fall to pieces or the paint comes off. Whether it's a chair or a castle—same old story. The sly scallawags that sell you the goods won't live up to their contracts."

"Hasn't Gauntmoor all the ancient inconveniences a Robber Baron could wish?" I asked.

"It ain't," announced Mr. Hobson. "Though it looks all right to a stranger, perhaps. There may be castles in the Old World got it on Gauntmoor for size—thank God I didn't buy 'em!—but for looks you can't beat Gauntmoor."

"Comfortable?" I asked.

"Can't complain. Modern plumbed throughout. Hard to heat, but I put an electric-light plant in the cellar. Daughter Annie's got a Colonial suite in the North Tower."

"Well," I suggested, "if there's anything the castle lacks, you can buy it."

"There's one thing money *can't* buy," said Mr. Hobson, leaning very close and speaking in a sibilant whisper. "And that's ghosts!"

"But who wants ghosts?" I inquired.

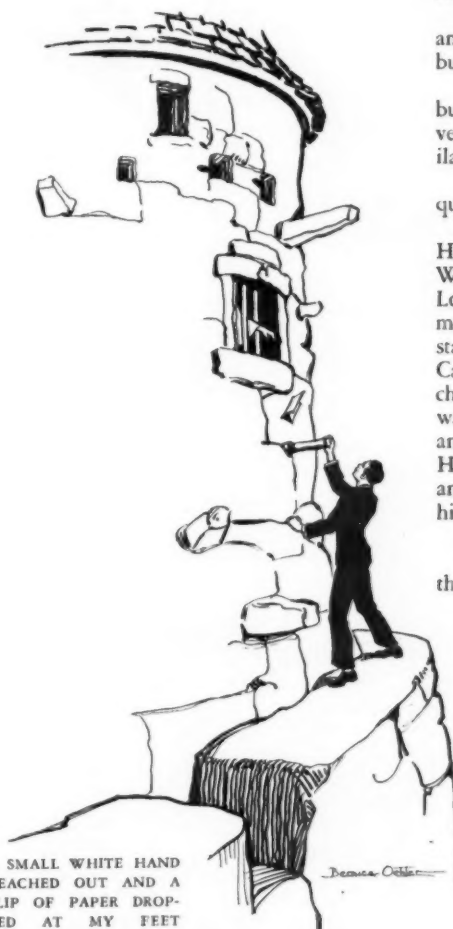
"Now look here," said Mr. Hobson. "I'm a business man. When I bought Gauntmoor, the London scallawags that sold it to me gave me distinctly to understand that this was a Haunted Castle. They showed me a haunted chamber, showed me the haunted wall where the ghost walks, guaranteed the place to be the Spook Headquarters of the British Isles—and see what I got!" He snapped his fingers in disgust.

"No results?"

"Results? Stung! I've slept in that haunted room upstairs for a solid year. I've gazed night after night over the haunted rampart. I've even hired spiritualists to come and cut their didoes in the towers and donjon keep. No use. You can't get ghosts where they ain't."

I expressed my sympathy.

"I'm a plain man," said Hobson. "I ain't got any ancestors back of Father, who was a blacksmith, and a good  
(Continued on page 31)



A SMALL WHITE HAND REACHED OUT AND A SLIP OF PAPER DROPPED AT MY FEET



NEW JERSEY GIRL SCOUTS MAKE THE HOUSE GAY FOR CHRISTMAS

## Christmas Is

—especially for G  
in addition to tavi  
own family celebr  
make the holidays  
the whole commu

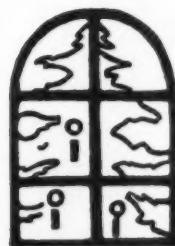


ABOVE, AT THE LEFT, ARE JACK-SONVILLE, FLORIDA GIRL SCOUTS HELPING TO SEND OUT CHRISTMAS SEALS. AND DIRECTLY TO THE LEFT ARE SHOWN A FEW OF THE HUNDRED AND THIRTY-FIVE DOLLS THAT BALTIMORE TROOPS DRESSED FOR THE CITY'S LESS FORTUNATE CHILDREN





SEATTLE GIRLS GAVE CHRISTMAS TOYS TO WELFARE AGENCIES



## Is a Busy Time

*ly for Girl Scouts, who,  
n to taking part in their  
ly celebrations, help to  
holidays merry ones for  
community, as well*

THE LITTLE HOUSE IN WASHINGTON MUST HAVE A CHRISTMAS WREATH ON THE DOOR (ABOVE, RIGHT). IN CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA THE GIRL SCOUTS DROVE BEHIND THE OLD WHITE HORSE OF THE FIRE DEPARTMENT TO HELP IN SELLING CHRISTMAS SEALS (RIGHT)



# Serving Your Community

**T**HIS year the Girl Scout will have an excellent chance to show what she can do for her community. She can do a great deal. For one thing, she can, as the National Recreation Association puts it, try to go about her business as usual, and business for young people must be largely play. The need of boys and girls for such constructive play as Scouting was never greater than in this time of depression. If they miss it today, tomorrow we shall see the results in unhealthy or ill-adjusted citizens. Our young people must be kept safe and happy, and Girl Scouting can do it. That in itself is no small contribution at a time like this, when one big problem for the relief workers is how to maintain the morale in our American homes. Cheerful, courageous, uncomplaining girls can help maintain it. That is one fact which we might all bear in mind this coming winter—that Girl Scouting is not a mere luxury for happy times but a national asset at all times.

But, while we are pressing this need for more Girl Scouts we must not forget the claims of the destitute on ourselves. On the invitation of Mrs. Hoover, the executive committee met in September at the President's camp on the Rapidan, and there discussed just what could be done in a practical way by the Girl Scouts in their own communities. Fortunately in these discussions we had the assistance of one of our newest board members, Dr. Lillian Gilbreth, herself a member of the President's Organization on Unemployment Relief. The suggestions made then, thanks largely to her, are both practical and simple, and perhaps you may find them helpful.

Many of you have doubtless heard of the "stay in school" campaign which the President's Organization on Unemployment Relief is conducting. This campaign has a double purpose—to keep young people from competing with their elders in the overcrowded employment market and to give these young people better training. We felt at Rapidan that the Girl Scouts could cooperate locally in this campaign by finding out whether members of their troops are unable to stay in school, and, if they are, reporting the situation to their leaders, so that the families could secure help.

Of course, we all know there will be need for food distribution this coming winter,



MRS. BRADY SENDS A CHRISTMAS MESSAGE OF SERVICE TO ALL GIRL SCOUTS

## By GENEVIEVE GARVAN BRADY

*Chairman, National Girl Scout Board of Directors*

and the Girl Scouts are already assisting in gathering crops which farmers are unable to sell. They are also helping to can the crops, so that there may be reserve supplies on hand when the food-buying budgets of the unemployed become exhausted. This work is already under way in some places, where the Girl Scouts are cooperating with relief agencies. I hope they will continue this indirect method of assistance for several reasons. One is that the agencies are best fitted to handle the relief, and another is that we do not wish in any way even to seem to compete with people who handle food supplies commercially.

Clothes will be as necessary as food. Indeed, I am told that so great is the need in some cases, that lack of clothes is keeping children from school. We thought that Girl Scouts might help to ransack closets and attics, help mend and make over used garments and list the Girl Scout families destitute of these necessities, so that their wants might be filled.

There are many other needs, not so obvious as those for food and clothing which the intelligent, observant Girl Scout will

notice and help fill. For instance, when I was in France last summer, I observed whole troops of *Eclaireuses*, members of our sister organization, lending their services to people who needed it.

All the suggestions I have passed on so far for service this winter were intended primarily for the Girl Scout herself, but perhaps it may not be amiss to mention, too, what we older women, the girls' leaders, can do in our way. While there is no one probably who has not been directly or indirectly affected by the depression, yet not all suffer in the same degree. Those of us who can may do well to join in the President's campaign for wise spending, which is the best kind of economy not only for ourselves but for the country. This is an ideal time, indeed, to teach our Girl Scouts just what is meant by the ninth of their laws—to be thrifty. Thrift does not mean saving but getting the most for your money, and the girl should learn to spend it as profitably as she does her time.

Indeed, that knowledge of what to do with her leisure is one of the great contributions that the Girl Scout can make to her community now. Many

people have all too much leisure at present, and comparatively few have been trained to use it. The Girl Scout, fortunately for herself and her family, has the habit of keeping busy, the best possible habit at a time when there is so much cause for worry. Thinking about our troubles certainly does not improve them or us. When they are insurmountable, it is impossible to forget them and not easy to keep our morale. The safest and happiest channel of escape then is some occupation such as our girls and their leaders are trained to have.

But best of all will it be, if we infuse into our daily conduct the spirit that inspires all Scouting. For, if we all keep alive the faith and enthusiasm that were ours when we took our Girl Scout oath and if we live up to the standard we set ourselves when we made the Girl Scout promise, we cannot help but prove to our communities and through them to the country that Girl Scouting is not only a solution of the girl's leisure time problems but also develops in her those enduring qualities, of which we stand in special need today. Times such as these (Continued on page 35)

# Girl Scouts Have Served

*On the opposite page Mrs. Brady tells of the importance of community service in Girl Scouting. Below are accounts of some of the activities that Girl Scouts everywhere have carried on in helping others*

**M**ISS MILDRED SHACKLETTE, of Meriden, Connecticut, writes to tell us how her girls celebrated Christmas last year.

"The Meriden Girl Scouts decided that in celebration of Christmas, instead of doing any big community Christmas project together, each troop should select a good turn and do it in the jolliest way possible.

"Three of our troops have a Day Nursery, and they planned the nursery Christmas party, trimmed the tree, made toys, and helped with the games and refreshments at the party. They also found time to go caroling, and to make up a Christmas basket to give to the Community Welfare Association.

"One of our church troops gathered material for winter bouquets out of the woods, and made them into jolly bouquets for the shut-ins of the church.

"Many of our church troops helped with the various church bazaars by having charge of one of the booths. Troop Ten made a camp scene at their Christmas bazaar and ran a 'grab bag' out of an old iron pot over their fire. Troop Fourteen made a great variety of rag dolls, dogs, and cats.

"Christmas baskets, of course, are always welcome, and several of our troops secured names from the Community Welfare Association and delivered baskets of food, clothes and toys.

"Quite a jolly idea was that of Troop Fifteen. Each member brought a tiny ivy plant of friendship and took it, with the rest of the troop, to the ladies of the Curtis Home, a home for old ladies.

"One of our troops which is connected with the tuberculosis sanatorium here, and is unable to get out and do a good turn, gave its dues during December to the charity fund.

"Then just for good measure the Charity Department of the city called on us at the last moment to dress fifteen dolls."

stockings were plainly marked with the age and sex of the child who was to receive it."

## Luncheon for a President

Mrs. G. L. Bowman, hostess of the Girl Scout Little House in Washington, D. C., writes to THE AMERICAN GIRL about a luncheon served in the Little House at which President and Mrs. Hoover were honor guests. She says:

"The luncheon was cooked and served by six Girl Scouts, and cost less than twenty-four cents a person. It was doubtless the simplest meal the President and Mrs. Hoover had partaken of since going into the White House. It consisted of split pea soup, thick and creamy with chopped parsley from the Little House garden on top. Melba toast was served with it. Then came a meat and rice loaf with brown sauce, and baked potatoes on the half shell, both decorated with sprigs of parsley. There was a salad of chopped cabbage and grated raw

## OUR STAR REPORTER

*The best news report of the month about Girl Scout activities is published in this space each month, and the writer of it wins the distinction of being the Star Reporter of the month and receives a book as an award.*

*To be eligible for the Star Reporter's Box, a story must be not more than three hundred words in length or less than two hundred. It should tell "American Girl" readers the following things: What was the event? When did it happen? Who participated? What made it interesting? Do not give lists of names except as they are essential.*

**M**AUDE ERDMAN, a member of Senior Troop Two in Buffalo, is our Star Reporter this month. She writes to us about the Toy Shop which the Buffalo Girl Scouts managed just before Christmas last year.

Maude writes "a page from the life of Sally Ann, a doll." "Wonder where I am now? I must be pretty far from home. I wish they'd take the wrappings off my box so that I could breathe! How tenderly Sally wrapped me up."

"Suddenly, as she lay there in the stillness of her box, terror gripped the heart of the little doll—ah, she knew what had happened. She had been sent away never to see Sally again.

"In the midst of her musings she heard voices, and one shrill voice right above her box cried, 'Something new—quick—let's open it.' Eager fingers tore at the wrappings—the cover was lifted—and a merry face looked in at her.

"She was lifted from her tissue paper wrappings and set up on a long table with hundreds of other dolls. But such strange dolls! Some had no heads, and worse yet, others had no bodies.

"Then began strange proceedings. Dolls were getting new bodies, some were having new complexions applied. Girls were molding hands and feet or putting on wigs (one small girl was vainly trying to attach a curly blond wig to the head of a dainty little Japanese lady!). By listening carefully, Sally Ann learned they would all be given to children for Christmas.

"She turned to discuss the plans with the great blue rabbit (without any ears) who was sitting beside her. The rabbit said that the girls who were doing the work were Girl Scouts."

carrots on crisp lettuce leaves with French dressing, and small whole wheat muffins. For dessert we served lemon bread pudding, with golden brown meringue and on top a sprig of mint from the Little House garden, and tea with either lemon or cream.

"The table was daintily set for the occasion with the best Little House china. The flowers, in two rose-colored bowls, were in matching shades of tulips from the Little House garden. The limited budget would not permit of nuts and mints or other candies, so fairy toast was arranged in low rose-colored compotes, one at each end of the table, and this formed a lovely decorative note.

"The young waitresses were very much pleased when the President said, 'The next time you entertain a President, if this is a twenty-four cent meal, serve him only twelve cents worth.'

"All were generous in their praise of the manner in which the girls carried out their program."

## Springfield Girls Play Santa

Minnie Falhit, a member of Troop Six, Springfield, Massachusetts writes to us about the way the Girl Scout troops of Faith Church, Springfield prepare for Christmas community service:

"The work of these girls includes the making and distributing of gifts to the under-privileged of their city. Each group is intent on a particular project, which may be tiny garments, toys, dolls or Christmas stockings. These stockings are made of tarlatan and used as receptacles for the gifts which will adorn some mantel on Christmas morning. The things made by the girls were supplemented by others brought from home, including books, fruits, nuts, cookies and candy. The



MANHATTAN GIRL SCOUTS DELIVER CHRISTMAS STOCKINGS TO THE ASSOCIATION FOR IMPROVING THE CONDITION OF THE POOR



## THE WORLD PULLS ITSELF TOGETHER

OCTOBER saw several victories for conservative thought and for the leaders who are trying, with more or less unity, to pull Europe and America out of the financial morass in which they are stuck.

The first constructive move was President Hoover's plan, announced on October seventh, for the formation of a National Credit Corporation, a bankers' pool whereby the leading banks in the country would put some of their money into a common fund which would be used to bolster up weaker banks whose investments were basically sound but "frozen"—that is, could not be turned into cash just now, except at a great loss. This plan was designed to restore public confidence in banks and enable them to meet runs by panicky depositors. The President's move was greeted with a chorus of approval from all over the country. Within a few days after his announcement the new banking corporation was formed and ready for business, and even Wall Street raised its drooping head and looked, for the time being at least, a bit more cheerful.

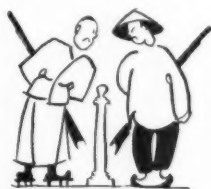


This step toward reconstruction was followed almost immediately by another, the visit of Premier Pierre Laval of France to the United States. Behind closed doors he and President Hoover had what seems to have been a satisfactory talk, one of the results of which was an agreement that France and our country would work together to maintain the gold standard and restore confidence and stability to the money markets of the world. The French Prime Minister, who started life as a butcher's son, was accompanied on his visit by his young daughter, the vivacious Josette. It was probably not intended that Romance should also be a member of the party, but somehow it crept in; for every two hours, on the trip over, a steward brought to Mademoiselle Josette's room a large anonymous box of flowers "from an American friend of France."

In the last week of October conservatism also won a smashing victory in England, when the Labor Party, which had declared war on Prime Minister MacDonald's National Government and its efforts to save Britain from financial disaster, was overwhelmingly defeated at the polls. MacDonald, repudiated by his former political friends, was reelected, while Arthur Henderson, leader of those opposing him, was defeated, as were Margaret Bondfield and other prominent Laborites.

A short while before British Labor and the advocates of the dole went down to political defeat, the representatives of American labor, assembled in convention at Vancouver, British Columbia, had put themselves on record as opposed to a dole for this country. But their president, William Green, issued a warning to the world in general that government and business must find some way to adjust affairs which would

avoid such a period of unemployment and depression as the one through which we are now passing.



## QUARRELS ON THE BACK FENCE

WHILE EUROPE and America were trying to straighten their financial houses, and the League of Nations was busy with its plans for the limitation of

## What's Happening?

By MARY DAY WINN

armaments conference, hair pulling broke out in Asia. A bridge on the South Manchuria Railway, which is controlled by Japan, was blown up. "The Chinese did it!" cried the Japanese. "The Japanese themselves did it to make an excuse for trouble," cried the Chinese. Japan waited not a second for discussion. Her troops were already on the spot. Within twenty-four hours she had seized, at the point of machine guns, practically every city along the nearly 700 miles of the railway, and also landed troops at Tsingtao, in China proper.

Realizing that open warfare between these two countries would produce delicate diplomatic problems for the United States, Secretary of State Stimson broke precedent by sending a message to the League of Nations Council, saying that the United States would follow the League's lead in bringing about a peaceful settlement of the crisis. The League's answer was to invite our representative to sit in on its councils, an invitation accepted by us and agreed in by all the other nations except Japan, who bitterly resented it. The council asked Japan to withdraw its troops from Manchuria by November sixteenth. At this writing Japan has not indicated that she will do so.



## CHAMPIONS AND RECORD-SMASHERS

THERE just seems to be something about the name "Helen" that works magic!

Helen Hicks, of Hewlett, Long Island, has taken the woman's national golf championship from Mrs. Glenna Collett Vare. The new queen of the white ball is twenty with a freckled nose and an infectious grin. She defeated the former champion by two and one at the Country Club of Buffalo and walked away with the staggeringly big cup.

A little over three weeks after her victory, Ruth Nichols made a new distance record for women when she flew from Oakland, California to Louisville, Kentucky, 1,968 miles. This good luck, though, was followed by bad, for as she opened the throttle to take off from Bowman field the next day, her plane burst into flames. She barely had time to get out before it was completely enveloped by fire, resulting in a financial loss estimated at \$10,000.



After being teased by the Japanese government as mice are teased by a cat, the round-the-world flyers, Clyde Pangborn and Hugh Herndon, Jr., were finally given permission to depart from the Flowery Kingdom. They got away from there so swiftly and eagerly that almost before they knew it they were in Wenatchee, Washington. They were met on the field by a smiling little Japanese who handed them a draft for \$25,000, the prize offered by a Tokyo paper for the first successful non-stop flight from Japan to the United States.



## A NEWS POT-POURRI

THOMAS A. EDISON, one of the giants of our time, passed away on October eighteenth. Two of the best known of his many inventions were the incandescent light and the talking machine. The first record he ever made on the first machine was a recitation of *Mary Had a Little Lamb*.

America lost two other great men in October—Dwight W. Morrow, United States Senator and former ambassador to Mexico, and Daniel Chester French, who made the seated statue of Lincoln in the Lincoln Memorial in Washington.

During the first week of October the Spanish assembly passed a law granting suffrage to Spanish women twenty-three years old or more. This was the first Latin country to give votes to its women.

Just to be sure that we won't get too conceited, Edna Ferber, one of our country's most able novelists, told a group of ship news reporters recently that American young people are "beautiful young idiots" whose conversation never gets far beyond "Oh, yeah?" Her remarks brought forth a storm of protest and denial, from young and old alike. Perhaps we needn't feel too badly about ourselves after all!



## The Transplanted Ghost

(Continued from page 25)

one, when sober. Somebody else's ancestors is what I looked for in this place—and I've got 'em, too, carved in wood and stone in the chapel out back of the tower. But statues and carvings ain't like ghosts to add tone to an ancient lineage."

"Is there any legend?" I asked.

"Haven't you heard it?" he exclaimed, looking at me sharply out of his small gray eyes. "It seems, 'way back in the sixteenth century, there was a harum-scarum young feller living in a neighboring castle, and he took an awful shine to Lady Katherine, daughter of the Earl of Cummyngs, who was boss of this place at that time. Now the young man who loved Miss—I mean Lady—Katherine was a sort of wild proposition. Old man wouldn't have him around the place; but young man kept hanging on till Earl ordered him off. Finally the old gent locked Lady Kitty in the donjon tower," said Mr. Hobson.

"Too much shilly-shallying in this generation," he went on. "Every house that's got a pretty girl ought to have a donjon keep. I've got both." He paused and wiped his brow.

"This fresh young kid I'm telling you about, he thought he knew more than the old folks, so he got a rope ladder and climbed up the masonry one night, intending to bust into the tower where the girl was. But just as he got half across the wall—out yonder—his foot slipped and he broke his neck in the moat below. Consequence, Lady Kitty goes crazy and old Earl found dead a week later in his room. It was Christmas Eve when the boy was killed. That's the night his ghost's supposed to walk along the ramparts, give a shriek, and drop off—but the irritating thing about it all is, it don't ever happen."

"And now, Mr. Hobson," I said, throwing away the butt of my cigar. "why am I here? What have I got to do with all this ghost business?"

"I want you to stay," said Hobson beseechingly. "Tomorrow night's Christmas Eve. I've figured it out that your influence, somehow, you being of the same blood, as it were, might encourage the ghost to come out and save the reputation of the castle."

A servant brought candles, and Hobson turned to retire.

"The same blood!" I shouted after him. "What on earth is the name of the ghost?"

"When he was alive his name was—Sir Geoffray de Pierrepont," said Thaddeus Hobson, his figure fading into the dimness beyond.

I followed the servant with the candle aloft through chill and carved corridors, through galleries lined with faded portraits of forgotten lords. "Wheels!" I kept saying to myself. "The old man evidently thinks it takes a live Pierrepont to coax a dead one," and I laughed nervously as I entered the vast brown bedroom. I had to get on a chair in order to climb into the four-poster, a cheerful affair that looked like a royal funeral barge. At my head I noticed a carved device, seven mailed hands snatching at a sword with the motto: "CAVE ADSUM!" (Continued on page 32)

## When Dad asks, "What do you want for Christmas?" Tell him—"A Girl Scout Kodak"

Official Girl Scout Kodak. Durably made and finished, and a dependable picture maker. \$6 with case.



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Your Kodak dealer will be glad to show you the Girl Scout Kodak. You'll find it, too, at your Girl Scout Outfitter's.

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ROCHESTER, NEW YORK



## Boys aren't the only ones who want knives

When Mother was a girl, her Christmas list never included anything as interesting as an ULSTER Official Girl Scout Knife. Only boys got knives, in those days. But Mother never camped. She probably never smashed a forehand drive almost to the base-line of a tennis court, either. She certainly never went off on all-day hikes with a Girl Scout troop. So Mother will have to be reminded.

The ULSTER Official Girl Scout Knife, is just as efficient as its big brother, the ULSTER Official Boy Scout Knife—same quality, same handy blades for camping, hiking, outdoor cookery and for making "Whittlekinks". The ULSTER is making thousands of modern Girl Scouts as handy with a knife as their brothers are. And it's one of the most important pieces of equipment a Girl Scout can have.

Get an ULSTER Official Girl Scout Knife for Christmas. And be sure it's an ULSTER—the knife that gleams with quality—the original Girl Scout Knife. If your local store cannot supply you, get one direct from the National Equipment Department of the Girl Scouts.

DWIGHT DIVINE & SONS, INC.  
ELLENVILLE NEW YORK



(Continued from page 31)

"Beware, I am here!" I translated. Who was here? Ghosts? Fudge! What hideous scenes had this chamber beheld of yore? What might not happen here now? Where, by the way, was old Hobson's daughter, Anita? Might not anything be possible? I covered my head with the bedclothes.

Next morning being mild and bright for December, and Thaddeus Hobson and his mysterious daughter not having showed up for breakfast, I amused myself by inspecting the exterior of the castle. In daylight I could see that Gauntmoor, as now restored, consisted of only a portion of the original structure. On the west side, near a sheer fall of forty or fifty feet, stood the donjon tower, a fine piece of medieval barbarism with a peaked roof. And, sure enough! I saw it all now. Running along the entire west side of the castle was a wonderful wall, stretching above the moat to a dizzy height. It was no difficult matter to mount this wall from the courtyard, above which it rose no more than eight or ten feet. I ascended by a rude sentry's staircase, and once on top I gazed upward at the tall medieval prison-place, which reared above me like a clumsy stone chimney. Just as I stood, at the top of the wall, I was ten or twelve feet below the lowest window of the donjon tower. This, then, was the wall that the ancient Pierrepont had scaled, and yonder was the donjon window that he had planned to plunder on that fatal night so long ago. And this was where Pierrepont the Ghost was supposed to appear!

How the lover of spectral memory had managed to scale that wall from the outside, I could not quite make out. But once on the wall, it was no trick to snatch the damsel from her durance vile. Just drop a long rope ladder from the wall to the moat, then crawl along the narrow ledge—got to be careful with a job like that—then up to the window of the donjon keep, and away with the Lady Fair. Why, that window above the ramparts would be an easy climb for a fellow with strong arms and a little nerve, as the face of the tower from the wall to the window was studded with ancient spikes and the projecting ends of beams.

I counted the feet, one, two, three—and as I looked up at the window, a small, white hand reached out and a pink slip of paper dropped at my feet. It read:

Dear Sir: I'm Miss Hobson. I'm locked in the donjon tower. Father always locks me here when there's a young man about. It's a horrid, uncomfortable place. Won't you hurry and go?

Yours respectfully,

A. Hobson.

I knew it was easy. I swung myself aloft on the spikes and stones leading to the donjon window. When I was high enough I gazed in, my chin about even with the sill, and there saw the prettiest girl I ever beheld,

gazing down at a book tranquilly, as though gentlemanly rescuers were common as toads around that tower. She wore something soft and golden; her hair was night-black, and her eyes were that peculiar shade of gray that—but what's the use?

"Pardon," I said, holding on with my right hand, lifting my hat with my left. "Pardon, am I addressing Miss Annie Hobson?"

"You are not," she replied, only half looking up. "You are addressing Miss Anita Hobson. Calling me Annie is another little habit father ought to break himself of." She went on reading.

"Is that a very interesting book?" I asked, because I didn't like to go without saying something more.

"It isn't!" She rose suddenly and hurled the book into a corner. "It's Anthony Hope—and if there's anything I hate it's him. Father always gives me *Prisoner of Zenda* and *Ivanhoe* to read when he locks me into this donjon. Says I ought to read up on the situation. Do you think so?"

"There are some other books in the library," I suggested. "Bernard Shaw and Kipling, you know. I'll run over and get you one."

"That's fine—but no!" she besought, reaching out her hand to detain me. "No, don't go! If you went away you'd never come back. They never do."

"Who never do?"

"The young men. The very instant father sees one coming he pops me in the tower and turns the key. You see," she explained, "when I was in Italy I was engaged to a duke—he was a silly little thing and I was glad when he turned out bogus. But father took the deception awfully to heart and swore I should never be married for my money. Yet I don't see what else a young girl can expect," she added quite simply.

I could have mentioned several hundred things.

"He has no right!" I said sternly. "It's barbarous for him to treat a girl that way—especially his daughter."

"Hush!" she said. "Dad's a good sort. But you can't measure him by other people's standards. And yet—oh, it's maddening, this life! Day after day—loneliness. Nothing but stone walls and rusty armor and books. We're rich, but what do we get out of it? I have nobody of my own age to talk to. How the years are passing! After a while—I'll be—an old maid. I'm twenty-one now!" I heard a sob. Her pretty head was bowed in her hands.

Desperately I seized the bars of the window and miraculously they parted. I leaned across the sill and drew her hands gently down.

"Listen to me," I said. "If I break in and steal you away from this, will you go?"

"Go?" she said. "Where?"

"My aunt lives at Seven Oaks, less than an hour from here, by train. You can stay there till your father comes to his reason."



Next year's "American Girl" will be better than ever—

"It's quite like father *never* to come to his reason," she reflected. "Then I should have to be self-supporting. Of course, I should appreciate employment in a candy shop—I think I know all the principal kinds."

"Will you go?" I asked.

"Yes," she replied simply, "I'll go. But how can I get away from here?"

"Tonight," I said, "is Christmas Eve, when Pierrepont the Ghost is supposed to walk along the wall—right under this window. You don't believe that fairy story, do you?"

"No."

"Neither do I. But can't you see? The haunted wall begins at my window on one end of the castle and ends at your window on the other. The bars of your cell, I see, are nearly all loose."

"Yes," she laughed, "I pried them out with a pair of scissors."

I could hear Hobson's voice across the court giving orders to servants.

"Your father's coming. Remember to-night," I whispered.

"Midnight," she said softly, smiling out at me. I could have faced flocks and flocks of dragons for her at that moment. The old man was coming nearer. I swung to the ground and escaped into a ruined court.

Well, the hours that followed were anxious and busy for me. I worked in the glamour of romance like a soldier about to do some particularly brave and foolish thing. From the window of my room I looked down on the narrow, giddy wall below. It *was* a brave and foolish thing. Among the rubbish in an old armory I found a coil of stout rope, forty or fifty feet of it. This I smuggled away. From a remote hall I borrowed a Crusader's helmet and spent the balance of the afternoon in my room practicing with a sheet across my shoulders, shroud-fashion.

We dined grandly at eight, the old man and I. He drank thirstily and chatted about the ghost, as you might discuss the chances in a coming athletic event. After what seemed an age he looked at his watch and cried: "Whillikens! Eleven o'clock already! Well, I'll be going up to watch from the haunted room. I think, Jeff, that you'll bring me luck tonight."

"I am sure I shall!" I answered sardonically, as he departed.

Three quarters of an hour later, wearing the Crusader's helmet and swathed in a bedsheet, I let myself down from the window to the haunted wall below. It was moonlight, bitter cold as I crouched on the wall, waiting for the stroke of twelve, when I should act the spook and walk along that precarious ledge to rescue Anita.

The "haunted wall," I observed from where I stood, was shaped like an irregular crescent, being in plain view of Hobson's "haunted room" at the middle, but not so at its north and south ends, where my chamber and Anita's tower were respectively situated. I pulled out my watch from under my winding-sheet. Three minutes of twelve. I drew down the vizor of my helmet and gathered up my cerements preparatory to walking the hundred feet of wall which would bring me in sight of the haunted room where old Hobson kept his vigil. Two minutes, one minute I waited, when—I suddenly realized I was not alone.

A man wearing a long cloak and a feather in his (Continued on page 34)



## The Gifts You Get

SOON you will be busy writing letters and paying visits, trying to thank everyone who has sent you a present, careful not to forget anyone.

But because they weren't addressed to you personally and sent by mail or express, perhaps you have forgotten to acknowledge some of the priceless gifts you have received.

Think for a minute of the welfare organizations that have been giving you their time, their training and ability, devoting their every effort to make you, your family and your neighbors safer and happier.

The Red Cross and other great organizations fed the hungry and nursed the sick while you remained comfortably at home—their gift to you of hours of leisure.

Volunteer members of national and local associations found children who were suffering from tuberculosis, sent them to camps and sanatoria to recover—giving your children extra protection against exposure to disease.

Boy Scout and Girl Scout leaders gave up their holidays to teach clean living by word and example—a gift of better companionship for your children.

Big Brothers sat in stuffy court rooms to rescue waifs and strays who did not have home background to guide them—a gift of future good citizenship to your community.

You will probably never meet, nor be able to thank, the doctors and scientists who have waged campaigns to make it increasingly unlikely that you and yours should ever contract smallpox, diphtheria, typhoid fever or other communicable disease. In their laboratories they are searching for means to prevent premature death from cancer or heart disease. Magnificent gifts to you of health—perhaps life itself.

But you do know some of the great volunteer organizations which work for you continuously and ask your good will and support. At this season will you not "thank" two of them by wearing a Red Cross button and by using Christmas Seals?



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## The Transplanted Ghost

(Continued from page 33)

cap was coming toward me along the moonlit masonry. Aha! So I was not the only masquerading swain calling on the captive princess in the prison tower. A jealous pang shot through me as I realized this.

The man was within twenty feet of me, when I noticed something. He was not walking on the wall. *He was walking on air, three or four feet above the wall.* Nearer and nearer came the man—the Thing—now into the light of the moon, whose beams seemed to strike through his misty tissue like the thrust of a sword. I was horribly scared. My knees loosened under me, and I clutched the vines at my back to save me from falling into the moat below. Now I could see his face, and somehow fear seemed to leave me. His expression was so young and human.

"Ghost of the Pierrepont," I thought, "whether you walk in shadow or in light, you lived among a race of Men!"

His noble, pallid face seemed to burn with its own pale light, but his eyes were in darkness. He was now within two yards of me. I could see the dagger at his belt. I attempted to speak, but my voice creaked like a rusty hinge. He neither heeded nor saw me; and when he came to the spot where I stood, he did not turn out for me. He walked *through* me! And when next I saw him he was a few feet beyond me, standing in mid-air over the moat and gazing up at the high towers like one revisiting old scenes. Again he floated toward me and poised on the wall four feet from where I stood.

"What do you here tonight?" suddenly spoke, or seemed to speak, a voice that was like the echo of a silence.

No answer came from my frozen tongue. Yet I would gladly have spoken, because somehow I felt a great sympathy for this boyish spirit.

"It has been many earth-years," he said, "since I have walked these towers. And ah, cousin, it has been many miles that I have been called tonight to answer the summons of my race. And this fortress—what power has moved it overseas to this mad kingdom? Magic!"

His eyes seemed suddenly to blaze through the shadows.

"Cousin," he again spoke, "it is to you that I come from my far-off English tomb. It was your need called me. It is no pious deed brings you to this wall tonight. You are planning to pillage these unworthily, even as I did yesterday. Death was my portion, and broken hearts to the father I wronged and the girl I sought."

"But it is the father wrongs the girl here," I heard myself saying.

"He who rules these towers today is of stern mind but loving heart," said the ghost. "Patience. By the Star that redeems the world, love should not be won *tonight* by stealth, but by—love."

He raised his hands toward the tower, his countenance radiant with an undying passion.

"She called to me and died," he said, "and her little ghost comes not to earth again for any winter moon or any summer wind."

"But you—you come often?" my voice was saying.

"No," said the ghost, "only on Christmas Eve. Yule is the tide of specters; for then the thoughts of the world are so beautiful that they enter our dreams and call us back."

He turned to go, and a boyish, friendly smile rested a moment on his pale face.

"Farewell, Sir Geoffray de Pierrepont," he called to me.

Into the misty moonlight the ghost floated to that portion of the wall directly opposite the haunted room. From where I stood I could not see this chamber. After a moment I shook my numb senses to life. My first instinct was one of strong human curiosity, which impelled me to follow far enough to see the effect of the apparition on old Hobson, who must be watching at the window.

I tiptoed a hundred feet along the wall and peered around a turret up to a room above, where Hobson's head could easily be seen in a patch of light. The ghost, at that moment, was walking just below, and the effect on the old man, appalling though it was, was ludicrous as well. He was leaning far out of the window, his mouth wide open; and the entire disk of his fat, hairless head was as pallid as the moon itself. The specter, who was now rounding the curve of the wall near the tower, swerved suddenly, and as suddenly seemed to totter headlong into the abyss below. As he dropped, a wild laugh broke through the frosty air. It wasn't from the ghost. It came from above—yes, it emanated from Thaddeus Hobson, who had, apparently, fallen back, leaving the window empty. Lights began breaking out all over the castle. In another moment I should be caught in my foolish disguise. With the courage of a coward, I turned and ran full tilt along the dizzy ledge and back to my window, where I lost no seconds scrambling up the rope that led to my room.

With all possible haste I threw aside my sheet and helmet and started downstairs. I had just wrestled with a ghost; I would now have it out with the old man. The castle seemed ablaze below. I saw the flash of a light skirt in the picture gallery, and Anita, pale as the vision I had so lately beheld, came running toward me.



"Father—saw it!" she panted.

"He had some sort of sinking spell—he's better now—isn't it awful?"

She clung to me, sobbing hysterically.

Before I realized what I had done, I was holding her close in my arms.

"Don't!" I cried. "It was a good ghost—he had a finer spirit than mine. He came tonight for you, dear, and for me. It was a foolish thing we planned."

"Yes, but I wanted, I wanted to go!" she sobbed now crying frankly on my shoulder.

"You *are* going with me," I said fiercely, raising her head. "But not over any ghost-ridden breakneck wall. We're going this time through the big front door of this old castle, American fashion, and there'll be an automobile waiting outside and a parson at the other end of the line."

We found Thaddeus Hobson alone, in the vast hall looking blankly at the fire.

"Jeff," he said solemnly, "you sure brought me luck tonight if you can call it such being scared into a human icicle. Br-r-r! Shall I ever get the cold out of my backbone? But somehow, somehow that foggy feller outside sort of changed my look on things. It made me feel *kinder* toward living folks. Ain't it strange?"

"Mr. Hobson," I said, "I think the ghost has made us *all* see things differently. In a word, sir, I have a confession to make—if you don't mind."

And I told him briefly of my accidental meeting with Anita in the donjon, of the practical joke we planned, of our sudden meeting with the *real* ghost on the ramparts. Mr. Hobson listened, his face growing redder and redder. At the finish of my story he suddenly leaped to his feet and brought his fist down on the table with a bang.

"Well, you little devils!" he said admiringly, and burst into loud laughter. "You're a spunky lad, Jeff. And there ain't any doubt that the de Pierreponts are as good stuff as you can get in the ancestry business. The Christmas supper is spread in the banquet hall. Come, de Pierrepont, will you sup with the old Earl?"

The huge oaken banquet hall, lined with rich hangings, shrunk us to dwarfs by its vastness. Golden goblets were at each place. A butler, dressed in antique livery, threw a red cloak over Hobson's fat shoulders. It was a whim of the old man's.

As we took our places, I noticed the table was set for four.

"Whose is the extra place?" I asked.

The old man at first made no reply. At last he turned to me earnestly and said:

"Do you believe in ghosts?"

"No," I replied. "Yet how else can I explain that vision I saw on the ramparts?"

"Is the fourth place for him?" Anita almost whispered.

The old man nodded mutely and raised a golden goblet.

"To the Transplanted Ghost!" I said. It was an empty goblet that I touched to my lips.

*When someone asks what you want for Christmas—*

## Juliette Low Awards

The next distribution of the Juliette Low Memorial Awards will be made in 1932, to send Girl Scouts and Girl Guides to a special encampment at the World Châlet in Switzerland. One-half the funds available will be awarded to outstanding Girl Scouts in the United States, and the other half to outstanding Girl Guides or Girl Scouts in countries outside the United States.

Girl Scouts to share in the distribution of the awards will be chosen from all regions in the United States, with the exception of Regions Three, Ten and Twelve, which participated in the award in 1930. The girls selected must be either Golden Eaglets or First Class; at least seventeen years of age; must have been in Girl Scouting at least three years and at the time of selection in active service in a troop. The selection will be based primarily on Girl Scout spirit, outstanding loyalty and knowledge of Girl Scout standards and work, taking into consideration whether or not the girl expects to remain in Girl Scouting. Further information may be had from Mrs. Lyman Delano, Chairman of the International Committee, 670 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

### An Invitation

We are invited to send six Girl Scouts, over fourteen years of age, and two Girl Scout leaders to an International Girl Guide Camp which will be held at Powerscourt, Enniskerry, County Wicklow, Ireland, June 18-28, 1932.

This camp will be held for Roman Catholic girls coincident with the 31st International Eucharistic Congress to take place in Dublin in June 1932.

It will be necessary for Girl Scouts and leaders who attend to pay their own expenses. The names of all delegates must be sent through the Regional Chairman to the Chairman of the International Committee. Final selection will be made by the International Committee.

## Serving Your Community

(Continued from page 28)

through which we are passing, come and go, but there are things which remain. These are chiefly the new ties and relationships that are formed binding us together into one great family. These ties and relationships are the flowers that spring from the roots of sympathy and charity. St. Paul calls charity the greatest of the virtues. We may be sure he would never have done so, if it were only the relief of bodily wants or temporary necessities, much less if it were expressed by a dole grudgingly given and reluctantly received. It is as true today as it was twenty centuries ago that it is more blessed to give than to receive. Charity thus conceived is the perfection of human sympathy. It is the cement that the Divine Architect uses to bind together the different parts of the great spiritual temple that is gradually being built over the whole earth of human hearts and human lives. In the building of this temple Girl Scouting can do its humble share.



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**The American Girl**

670 LEXINGTON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

## Jo Ann's Christmas Mystery

(Continued from page 16)

and turned out the lights of the room, and when he had locked the front door he and Jo Ann's mother went up to bed.

The next morning when Jo Ann and Wicky came down at seven o'clock they found the curtains of the door into the living-room closed, as they always were on Christmas morning, and they hurried in to breakfast.

"Where are Mother and Father?" Jo Ann asked Mary, who was getting the table ready. "How people can sleep on Christmas morning, I don't know. Aren't you excited, Mary?"

"Well, Miss, at my age folks mostly gets over being excited, it seems as if," Mary said, "Christmas is Christmas at my age."

Jo Ann's father and mother came down then and there was a chorus of "Merry Christmas" and everybody ate breakfast in a hurry. Then they went to the door of the living-room and Jo Ann threw open the curtains with a sweep of her vigorous arm. She darted into the room and toward the couch, and then she stopped short. For an instant she stood silent and then a cry escaped her.

"Oh!" she cried. "Oh!"

Her father and mother turned then and saw what Jo Ann saw. The end of the couch where Jo Ann's presents had been was empty! Only the one big present, the paper-wrapped chair, was left!

"Is it a joke, Father?" Jo Ann asked, turning to him, but he was striding toward the couch and she saw by his face that it was no joke of which he knew anything.

"This is no joke," Jo Ann's father declared. He was examining the window at Jo Ann's end of the couch, a tall window that reached to the floor. "This catch has been broken. The window has been pried open," he said.

"The catch was loose," said Jo Ann's mother. "You remember you said you must tighten the screws in it."

"But why did they take only Jo Ann's presents?" asked Wicky.

Jo Ann's father, having examined the broken catch of the window, now turned to Jo Ann. A smile was on his face. He stepped over Rags-Sport who was spread out on the floor thumping it with his tail, unconscious that anything had happened.

"I think there's not much mystery about this burglary, Jo Ann," her father said. "Nothing gone but your presents, and a certain young gentleman at home next door."

"Tommy Bassick?" Jo Ann ejaculated. "Father, if that boy dared to do this, he'll be sorry he ever did! Of course, he did it."

Jo Ann started for the door. She did not mean to waste a minute in getting her presents back or in telling Tommy Bassick what she thought of anyone who would do such a thing on Christmas day.

"Wait a minute. Where are you going?" her father asked.

"I'm going over to Tommy Bassick's and I'm going to get my presents back," said Jo Ann, "and when I've finished what I'm going to say to him, he is going to feel smaller than the smallest worm."

"No," said her father. "No, not this time, Jo Ann. I can put up with any amount

*Who took Jo Ann's presents and tied Tommy?—*



of harmless wrangling between you and Tom Bassick but when it comes to breaking into a house and taking things, even in sport, it is time I had something to say about it. I am going over to the Bassicks' myself."

Although he spoke without raising his voice Jo Ann could see that he was extremely provoked and angry. He had no doubt that Tommy Bassick would give back Jo Ann's presents instantly, but it angered him to have the usual happy confusion of opening presents after the parade into the room thus spoiled.

No one, of course, had opened a package. Mary, the cook, looked wistfully at her goodly pile but did not touch it.

"Father," said Jo Ann, "I'm going with you."

"No, please not," said her father. "I would rather handle this alone, Jo Ann."

"You won't say anything you'll regret?" asked Jo Ann's mother. "The Bassicks have always been such good neighbors and I'm sure they do not know what Tommy did."

"I'll keep my temper," said Jo Ann's father. "I'll say nothing rude, but I will have it understood that things like this must stop, once and for all."

With that he went into the hall and put on his overcoat and hat and went out.

"Open your packages, Wicky," said Jo Ann. "You don't have to wait just because

I have none. I'll get mine back soon enough."

"No," said Wicky, "I'll wait. It wouldn't be any fun to open my presents until you had yours. Your father won't be long."

"If you don't mind, ma'am," said Mary, "I'll open mine. I ought to be getting at my work."

"Perhaps so," Jo Ann's mother admitted. "Yes, open yours, Mary," and the cook walked to the piano. She had reached up her hand in the air. She looked around. Rags-Sport was standing by the door.

"That thumping, ma'am," said Mary. "I thought it was the dog, but it's behind the piano."

Jo Ann's mother and Wicky and Jo Ann stood still and listened. Mary was right; from behind the piano which stood diagonally across the end of the room near the window at Jo Ann's end of the couch came a "thump, thump" and Jo Ann ran to look behind the piano.

"Mother!" she cried. "Come here! Come quick!"

For behind the piano, his arms and legs tied and his mouth stopped with a gag, lay Tommy Bassick, thumping on the floor with the back of his head.

Who is the Christmas thief? And who bound Tommy? The mystery is solved in January.

## Sweets for Christmas

(Continued from page 23)

quired temperature in cooking your candy. If more, you will add the number above the boiling point to the temperature given.

Having tested the thermometer, measure the ingredients into the saucepan, set over the fire and stir only until the sugar is dissolved. Cover and let it cook five minutes. The steam gathering on the sides of the pan helps to dissolve sugar crystals. After five minutes, uncover. Dip the pastry brush or swab in water and carefully remove all crystals from the inside of the saucepan. Repeat this as often as crystals appear. Continue cooking to 238 degrees Fahrenheit or 115 degrees centigrade if you are using a thermometer, or if you are not, until a little dropped in ice water forms a soft ball.

Now pour gently on the top of a clean porcelain table or onto a platter.

Now cool to 110 degrees Fahrenheit or 43 degrees centigrade, or until the surface wrinkles when touched with the tip of the finger. Then beat until the mixture becomes white and creamy.

Next gather the mass into a ball and knead with the hands until all the lumps disappear. Now wrap it in waxed paper and put it into the glass jar, and set away for several days.

If you have been successful with this, perhaps you will like to make a maple fondant. For this use one cup of water and add two-thirds cup of maple syrup instead of using a cup and one-half of water.

For caramel fondant add two-thirds of a cup of caramel instead of the maple syrup. For coffee fondant substitute strong clear coffee for the water.

Fondant may be used in many ways—as patties, loaves, kisses; to stuff various dried fruits; for centers for bonbons.

Kisses are very easy to make. Put about a cup of fondant in the top of a double boiler over hot water. Keep the water just

below the boiling point. Stir the fondant just enough to blend it. Now add the coloring and flavor and mix lightly.

Now add one-third cup of broken nutmeats or grated cocoanut and drop the candy from a spoon on waxed papers.

For chocolate kisses melt dipping chocolate in a shallow pan to the depth of one-half inch. Set the kisses one by one in the chocolate and remove to waxed papers.

To make plain bonbons, flavor and color the fondant. Break off small pieces and roll into balls between the palms of hands.

For loaves, mix the fondant with chopped nuts, shape into a roll with the hand or into a loaf. When firm, cut in slices.

### Uncooked Fondant

For quick fondant you will need egg white, or some other liquid, confectioners' sugar, and a variety of flavorings and colorings as in cooked fondant.

First put a large piece of clean heavy paper on the table, pour the sugar into a sieve and sift. Then pour it into a bowl.

Break the egg and put the white into a bowl and beat until stiff. Then add sugar, beating until it can be handled easily.

Other liquids that may be used in place of the white of egg are egg yolk, whole egg, plain cold water, cream, and fruit juices.

Now add the flavoring, lemon, almond, peppermint, or wintergreen, and the coloring.

The balls and rolls are very attractive when wrapped in different colored cellophane paper—red, green, blue, rose (see lower left in illustration on page twenty-three).

This candy may be used as bonbons for your Christmas parties or it may be packed in boxes, in tiny baskets or in little pottery holders. The boxes may be wrapped in Christmas wrapping paper and the baskets and pottery in cellophane and tied with silver or gold cord or Christmas ribbons.



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## The Yule Miracle

(Continued from page 9)

relieved to have said his say. At last Karen spoke. Fast she spoke, and with growing speed and incoherence.

"I love Yule," she repeated. "And he loves me. I know that. But even if I didn't care anything about him, I'd rather see him shot than sent to a little flat in a big city. He'd have to spend the whole day in a space no bigger than our porch here, all alone and wondering why I deserted him."

Despite her self-control, something had risen in her throat, that threatened to choke her. Now, lest she disgrace her sixteen years of age by boo-hooing, Karen turned abruptly and fled from the room. Mr. Brayle watched with worried face as he saw her run out of the house and along the sloping hillside below.

Mr. Brayle sighed, and was about to turn away when his gaze focused on the girl.

In her aimless craving to be alone, Karen Brayle had unconsciously taken the hillside path which led down to the lake edge to the pier which jutted out into deep water, some rods to the north of the beach.

Out onto the ice-slippery pier she made her blind way. At its string-piece, she checked her haste. At least, she strove to. It was then that her father's idly sympathetic gaze turned sharp and worried.

Karen's smooth-soled house shoes slid along a swath of ice which had formed.

She strove vainly for her balance, lurched forward, her feet going suddenly from under her—and slid off the edge of the string-piece and thence down into twelve feet of ice-strewn water.

Mr. Brayle shouted in impotent terror. Bursting out of the house, he ran down the slope at blundering speed. Not that he feared Karen would drown, despite her thick clothing, but lest the wintry ducking give her pneumonia or grippe. Immersion in

such icy water, followed by a buffeting from the cold morning wind, might well make her ill.

Mr. Brayle himself never had bothered to learn to swim. He had envied his daughter her skill in the water. But he had not envied her enough to learn the same art. He was running down to the pier simply that he might wrap her in his heavy dressing-gown when she should emerge.

Then his pace quickened, and his face went rigid. For, as Karen struck out, he saw her double up and claw helplessly at the water with constricted fingers.

Nervous excitement and the dive into the bitterly cold water had sent a cramp through every inch of her athletic body. Her legs and arms contracted in anguish.

Mr. Brayle yelled for help as he ran. But he knew how useless was the shout. His wife and sons had driven to the nearby village. There was no human being within a mile.

Then, whizzing past him like a flung spear, something big and golden dashed at express train speed toward the lake.

Onto the pier flew Yule. At the string-piece, the collie launched himself outward, with no shadow of hesitation, into space. His shaggy body smote the water, not a yard from the sinking girl, and immediately his mighty jaws seized the shoulder of her stout sweater.

Then, heading instinctively toward the strip of beach below the pier, Yule towed the knotted and impotent girl toward shore. Inch by inch the dog beat his way shoreward, tugging with him the adored mistress whom so often he had hauled playfully along in shallow water.

Karen's feet grated against the pebbles of the shoal. Her father rushed out, knee deep into the chill water, and snatched her in his arms. Already her father had wrapped

Karen in his thick silk dressing gown and was running as fast as he possibly could with her toward the house. Yule loped easily after the two.

An hour later, after a vigorous rub-down with a crash towel and a still more vigorous alcohol rub, Karen sat in a big chair in her father's study, her feet to the fire, her parents and brothers gathering about her.

In the midst of her oft-repeated story of the rescue, Yule walked into the room. Majestically, he strode up to his young mistress and laid his classic head on her knee.

A moment's silence fell upon the group. All of them were staring dumbly at the huge collie. It was Mr. Brayle who spoke.

"Look!" he bade the rest. "Look at those eyes! What has become of their flat silliness? See! The true 'look of eagles' is lurking behind them. He's—he's a dog! Not a clown any more."

"It was there all the time," said Karen, gathering the splendid head tightly into her embrace. "More and more it was there. But something had to be worn away by time or else snatched away by a shock, to change him from a big puppy to a great dog. It's happened. Do you still want to swap him for a terrier, Daddy?" she added mischievously.

Mr. Brayle shuddered. Slowly he crossed to where Yule stood close beside Karen's deep chair. Half hesitantly the man held out one hand, as if in propitiation.

"Yule," he said humbly, "I apologize. No other dog is ever going to replace you here, as long as I live. Will you shake on it?"

Gravely, with an air of perfect equality, Yule laid one white forepaw into the man's outstretched palm.

"We've got a Christmas collie at last," remarked Mr. Brayle, his other hand lying on the dog's silken head. "A perfect Christmas collie. One year behind schedule."

## Richard Wagner

(Continued from page 17)

came conductor at Riga. After two years, he returned to Koenigsberg, paid his debts there, and sailed with his wife for London, en route for Paris. It was on this trip that he encountered the terrific weather which inspired the thrilling storm music of *The Flying Dutchman*.

When Wagner at last returned to Dresden, his *Rienzi*, after several unfavorable results, was finally produced with great success. But he soon got mixed up in politics, and had to flee to Zurich, where he remained for many years, composing steadily.

In his fiftieth year he was finally to find the help he needed to produce his greatest works: *Der Ring des Nibelungen*, *Die Meistersinger von Nuernberg* and *Tristan und Isolde*. The young, handsome and poetic looking King Ludwig II of Bavaria became so completely entranced by Wagner's potent music that he installed the composer in a palace in Munich and aided him in every way possible. However, Wagner's enemies were numerous and soon the king was compelled to send him away.

Later, after the death of his first wife, Wagner married Cosima von Buelow, the daughter of Liszt, and she remained his

devoted and invaluable companion until the end. Cosima died only this year at Bayreuth.

Wagner died suddenly in Venice while on a pleasure trip, at the Palazzo Vendramini in 1883. The body was brought to Bayreuth and the immortal master lies buried there in a little ivy-covered vault he had built there many years before in a quiet spot in the garden back of his home, "Wahnfried."

Since 1872 there has been a Festival Theater at Bayreuth, where the master's works are splendidly sung and mounted every year.

It was Wagner's everlasting aim to free opera from the shackles of conventionality into which it had fallen at the hands of Italian and French composers. After his earliest operas, *Die Feen*, *Das Liebesverbot* and *Rienzi*, he gradually more and more changed the whole character of opera until he developed with *Der Ring des Nibelungen*, *Tristan und Isolde*, *Die Meistersinger* and *Parsifal*, the form known as music-drama. He succeeded in doing away with set pieces like arias, trios, duets and choruses, in which the action of the opera ceased in order to let the singers have an opportunity to display their voices. With him the music intensifies the emotion expressed in the

poetry. He widened the potency of the orchestra by increasing the number of instruments used and enriching the sound to an unheard of degree.

*Der Ring des Nibelungen* consists of four parts: a prologue, "Das Rheingold" and a trilogy, "Die Walkure," "Siegfried" and "Die Goetterdaemmerung." Wagner's method of composing is based on the "leitmotif" or leading-theme. He has invented innumerable of these themes. His powers of musical characterization have never been equaled. His shortest themes are often pregnant with the most profound meaning. No composer has approached him in the universality of his gifts. Whether he is portraying the feelings of gods and demi-gods, as he does in the "Ring," the overwhelming longing and passion of *Tristan und Isolde*, or the tender, idyllic love of the simple folk of old Nuremberg, as he does in *Die Meistersinger*, his genius never fails him in finding just the right tones to depict these emotions.

It is no longer necessary to enter an opera house to hear this magnificent music. Many of Wagner's works can be had on records. One whole opera, *Tristan und Isolde*, was recorded at an actual performance at the Festival Theater at Bayreuth.

Read "The Nerve Trainers" in the January "American Girl"—

## Patsy and the Christmas Spirit

(Continued from page 12)

"Not bad," said Parkinson. "They keep the field in good order but they don't expect me today. I wanted it to be a surprise for the family."

"You weren't thinking of arriving disguised as Santa Claus, were you?" Patsy asked, laughing. "It would be fun for you to come as Saint Nicholas and let them wonder just who you are for awhile!" she said enthusiastically. "I wish we had a red suit and whiskers and all!"

Hatch had left without saying a word and now they saw him returning from the lunch room, a scarlet bundle in his arms.

"Your remark, Miss Patsy," he said solemnly, "reminded me that there had been scenes of revelry here a few nights ago with a tree and Santa and a dance in one of the hangars—here are the remains."

With the purr of the idling motor on the waiting Travelair as accompaniment, Parkinson bundled into the suit of red flannel, which was so generously cut that his clumsy flying suit merely filled it out to the correct traditional proportions of the jolly old elf. It was decided that the whiskers would be put on later, to avoid having them blown completely away.

It was now mid-afternoon and time to get started. Hatch and Patsy figured it would take an hour to make the trip up, with a head wind that was not of any great volume; but coming back should be quicker.

"Everybody ready?" asked Patsy, eager to start.

"I am, surely," said her passenger.

The luggage was stowed away and a parachute was adjusted over the red Santa Claus outfit. Patsy was in her rear cockpit, seated on her parachute, and trying out the motor and the controls before her passenger was even settled down under his safety belt. Hatch brought her a map showing her route to the Parkinson ranch, which was named Trail's End and was set in lonely state among hundreds of acres of fine level land about a hundred miles away. She squinted at the wind sock, adjusted her goggles, asked her passenger if he was comfortable, and taxied across the field to the take-off point, and with one banking turn around the field, to make sure of her engine, was off and up on her course to the east.

Only as she checked her map by the town below and the railroad did Patsy remember that she had not informed her friends of her plans. Betty and her mother would undoubtedly be worried. She regretted her carelessness, but then grinned.

"I'll just have to hurry back all the faster," she thought.

They were speeding along now at a rate of well over a hundred miles an hour, even with the head wind she had expected. The sky was gray, but there was no snow falling and the scene below was lovely. The landmarks for which she had to watch were in most cases easy to see.

On and on the motor roared. Overhead the sky hung low and threatening. The altimeter read less than two thousand feet. In the front cockpit Mr. Parkinson was showing interest in the scenes below and Patsy saw him pointing (Continued on page 42)

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**P**EACE in every corner of the earth,  
good will to every nationality of man  
—such is the mental emphasis we place  
on the beautiful old greeting which will be  
uttered this year, perhaps more fervently  
than ever before. One of the most interesting  
things about those new books which help  
young people of different nationalities to  
understand one another is the fact that some  
of the best stories are not alone legendary  
and imaginative, but that they treat of  
boys and girls growing up today.

There is, for example, *Young Trajan*  
by Elizabeth C. Miller (Doubleday, Doran  
and Junior Literary Guild), a fine story of  
modern Roumania. Modern Roumania for  
many of us has perhaps meant only Queen  
Marie's visit to America, or the colorful  
Roumanian embroidery or pottery we are  
lucky enough to own. But here in Frosina's  
story we watch the embroidery grow under  
her clever fingers, we see her in her home,  
at her handicrafts school, at the picturesque  
festivals so vividly portrayed, where she  
learns to know and love young Trajan.  
Conscious of and proudly displaying to us  
the color and beauty of their traditions,  
Frosina and Trajan are still an essentially  
modern young girl and young man, their  
faces eagerly turned toward the future; and  
as such we welcome them with double  
warmth. Perhaps our acquaintance with  
gypsies, too, has been somewhat limited.  
If so, we will get a new and most interest-  
ing picture of them in *Marie of the Gypsies*  
by Rachel M. Varble (Doubleday, Doran).  
From the gypsy road to a settlement house  
in Detroit would seem an undesirable  
change, but Marie has never felt completely  
in sympathy with the gay but unscrupulous  
lives of her picturesque tribe. The reason  
is gradually made clear to us in a story  
which is honest and vibrating with interest  
from beginning to end. Marie's artistic  
talents, her knack with clothes, her innate  
refinement, gradually flower into an ending  
as inevitable as it is happy.

*Vanya of the Streets* by Ruth Epperson  
Kennell (Harper) is the story of a twelve-  
year-old Russian boy who was one of the  
"wolf-children" of Moscow, left to shift

# Merry Book- Christmas

By

SOPHIE L. GOLDSMITH

for themselves in their terrible orphaned  
years following the Great War. As pitiful  
as are many aspects of this story, it is not  
all depressing. To the rescue of Vanya and  
his friend Boris, after their dreadful ex-  
periences with the thieves and beggars of  
that black period, come the Young Pioneers,  
a Soviet organization said to be similar to  
our Boy and Girl Scouts. Vanya and Boris,  
in the thrill of healthy country activities,  
learn to respect and profit by the new code  
which is presented to them, and we leave  
a very different boy from the one we first  
met cowering in the protection of a cauldron  
still warm from the tar which it contained.

An Irish girl, not of today but of that  
favorite period, the time of Queen Eliza-  
beth, we meet in *Blackthorn* by Katha-  
rine Adams (Macmillan). Meredith is the  
spirited daughter of Feagh Corr, an Irish  
chieftain whose defiance of England has  
caused Meredith's exile from beautiful  
Blackthorn, her Irish home. She is happy  
enough in England with Lady Garth, Madge  
and Clotilde, but her love of adventure  
craves fulfillment. This is satisfied most  
abundantly. You will enjoy the color and  
grace of the story, which is characteristic  
of this popular author.

Thus far, in our "good will to every  
nationality" Christmas, we have touched  
only on European countries. Now we come  
to a book which is an ideal bond between  
one of these countries and our own America  
in the days of its early growth. *Calico Bush*  
by Rachel Field (Macmillan and Junior  
Literary Guild) shows us how French  
Marie Ledoux, fresh from the sunny pro-  
tection of a convent and a loving family,  
is, through apparent misfortune, appren-  
ticed or "bound-out" to a Maine family as  
their maid-of-all-work. None more preju-  
diced than the early American settlers, and  
this beautiful and vivid story of how Marie  
succeeds in changing their viewpoint,  
transcends in interest and in the "real" feel-  
ing of the period anything of its kind with  
which we are familiar. Hunger, cold, pov-  
erty, Indian raids—all are shown to us so  
graphically that we shiver under the buffet-  
ings of the huge waves, shrink from the  
taunts of "Frenchy," ache often with  
fatigue. And yet, as dear old Hepsa Jordan  
remarks, "It takes a dreadful lot to kill a

*Are you interested in a gay ensemble for your bedroom?—*

rose-bush." Marie emerges the better for her hardships, and so do we. We get pictures of a people so frugal that stockings are luxuries, and six china tea-cups the height of elegance; we watch with deep absorption the practicing of the fine old American arts of weaving, candle-dipping, dyeing, etc. And oh! The ballads we listen to! They are priceless. *Calico Bush* deserves not only a holly wreath all its own, but mistletoe besides, because of the deep and warm love it cannot help inspiring.

This is the America of early settlers' days. *Try All Ports* by Elinor Whitney (Longmans, Green) is a well-wrought, clear-cut tale of early American clipper ship days. Throughout Martin Bedford's search for family records whose possession means comfort and security for him and for his family back in England, we feel the tang of salt air and the creaking magnetism of the Boston docks. Martin and Enoch Train are fine American figures, and plucky Chuck with his monkey also wins our admiration. Deborah and Marianne play their parts in the discovery of the records, and are gracious and interesting portraits of girls of the period. On our way from early shipbuilding days to early pioneering times, we meet Janey Grant, heroine of *A Candle in the Mist* by Florence Crannell Means (Houghton, Mifflin). The clean and sturdy beauty of those days seems personified in Grandmother's cinnamon-rosebush, and we respect and admire the family deeply. Janey's foster brother, Hawkins, is unjustly accused of taking money destined for church use, but Janey's faith in him, sustaining him like "a candle in the mist," remains steadfast throughout a book full of severe tests for both brother and sister. The picture of sixteen-year-old Janey cheering her shivering pupils in the schoolhouse during the blizzard is a momentous one.

For the younger girls this Christmas, it is interesting to note that we can, if we like, observe very much the same international and early American feeling in the books we offer them, as in those we ourselves read. *The Truce of the Wolf* by Mary Gould Davis (Harcourt, Brace) gives us five beautiful stories of Italy. The story of how St. Francis won over fierce Brother Wolf is one of which we never tire. Clever Nanni, the donkey, and old Elisabetta are new friends, presented to us by an author who knows and loves her Italy, and whose stories lend themselves ideally to telling aloud as well as to reading. Being the Supervisor of Story Telling in the New York Public Library, it is small wonder that these tales which Miss Davis presents to us from various corners and periods of Italy, are invested with a double charm. *The Dutch Cheese* by Walter de la Mare (Knopf) is not a story of Holland, as you might think, but a humorous and beautiful fairy tale with an Irish-English feeling to it. There is no use trying to give you any idea of that story, or of the other in the book—"The Lovely Myfanwy." One look at this book, with its exquisite colored illustrations by one of the finest of illustrators, Dorothy P. Lathrop, and you will either take your little sister on your lap and read it to her at once or, with no apologies or the feeling that you are a "baby", yourself spend a heavenly half hour with it.

*The Old Nurse's Stocking Basket* by Eleanor Farjeon (Stokes) is a collection of short and delicious stories, sparkling with

fun, about ten different countries. Never was there such a traveled old nurse as this one. It is all one to her whether she has nursed "that boy called Hercules" or washed away the tear-stains of the Prince of India by the Lotus Lake. She is at home with mermen's babies and children so tiny they can be carried in a purse, and from each of her experiences she tells her own little English charges stories just long enough to occupy stocking-darning time. It is a book of great charm, and no small sister but would feel happier for its possession. Two books which will prove as splendid as many of these tempting stories, and which are as desirable additions to your own bookshelves as to those of the small sisters and brothers, are *North America* by Lucy Sprague Mitchell (Macmillan) and *The World We Live In: And How It Came To Be* by Gertrude Hartman (Macmillan). Both are beautifully dressed books, with many fine illustrations, lovely print and paper, and both do for "geography" and "history" a difficult and fascinating piece of work by presenting these two "subjects" in a manner absorbingly interesting.

*Anna Mary* by Mary Biddle Fidler (Harper) and *Winning Out* by Marian Hurd McNeely (Longmans) are books which deal especially with things, people and events in which the older girls are particularly interested. Of the many puzzles we have to solve while we are growing up, one of the most persistent is, "Why should boys make such a difference in our lives when up to now we've gotten along perfectly well without them?" Anna Mary lived in the small town of Riverton in 1894—the day of flannel petticoats and bicycles, among other curios! When she met attractive Betsy, the two girls were inseparable until—boys appeared upon the scene. Each girl had her own very definite kind of attractiveness, made most vivid to the absorbed reader. Each girl, after a few heartburnings, succeeded in remaining friends and in having gay and happy times with the boys. Slowly one girl outstripped the other, in charm, brains and beauty, and the story of how this comes about makes one of the most convincing and natural tales we have read in some time. *Winning Out* by Marian Hurd McNeely (Longmans) introduces us to two other girls, this time of our very own day, whose prototypes we have all known and watched. When one sister is, however wistfully, jealous of the other, the situation is almost invariably interesting. Rarely has it been more understandingly presented than in this book. Winifred has a natural knack with people, is of a happy and courageous temperament, full of health and spirits. Rena, delicate from babyhood, has developed a nervous stutter and with it a self-consciousness which makes her, although she too has her full quota of good looks, moody, discontented and selfish. While Winifred is getting her training as a hospital nurse—and very interesting is the detailed description of that training—Rena stays home to receive a different and equally interesting training largely through the help of Jerry, who is acting as useful man to her father, taking care of his chicken farm. By the time Winifred returns from her first year of training, the change in Rena has been effected in ways perfectly natural and understandable, and of genuine appeal. And now, a Merry Christmas to you all!

*Anna Coyle suggests several in the January number*

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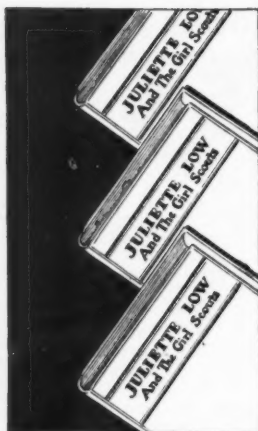
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## Patsy and the Christmas Spirit

(Continued from page 39)

to something—his own tri-motored ship, left imbedded in a snow bank where it had been forced down.

The world had a desolate and lonely look. Patsy shivered a little and pulled the fur collar of her suit higher about her neck.

"Merry Christmas," she murmured to herself and laughed. As the country below became less settled, they seemed to progress more rapidly, and soon Mr. Parkinson showed animation, turning to look at her over his shoulder and pointing ahead. There, dimly still, Patsy saw a great mass of buildings, some fine trees, hangars and a flying field. It was Trail's End!

She climbed higher and then shut down her motor, putting her ship into a glide so she could talk to her passenger.

"How do you want to manage your landing?" she asked. "And now's the time to put on your whiskers."

"Won't you get out and come in when we get there?" asked her passenger, as he struggled with the white facial adornment. Patsy was amused to notice that he also had achieved the correct ruddy complexion of Santa Claus through the cold and wind.

"No, I'm sorry, and thanks just the same," answered Patsy, "but I've got to get back to Orion City—my friends will worry, otherwise. As soon as you get out, I'll take off again. There's plenty of gas left."

"Well," said Mr. Parkinson, "in that case, let's circle the house with open throttle, land when they are outside staring at us, give 'em time to come up while I'm getting set to climb out, and then you can take off, and I wish you the best of luck." "O. K., and thanks," said Patsy, opening her throttle again and heading for the ranch house—a veritable palace of stone.

As she looked she saw a gray veil fall between her and the distant ranch house—and in an instant, the plane was engulfed in a world of white flakes, swirling, blinding. Crouching low in the shelter of her celluloid windshield, Patsy scanned the instrument board. She must watch carefully that her course was level, she knew—a faster speed recorded on the speedometer would show she was heading down—the altimeter must not be allowed to show a climb which might bring about a stall—the turn and bank indicator must stay negative, the compass true—with her hand light on the control stick, her feet straight on the rudder, she watched, peering ahead into the murk—and staying intently ready for the squall which might come with the snow. Then joyously, she saw they were through the flurry—and so close had she kept to her course that the house was directly below.

Zooming, with full throttle, Patsy circled above the group of buildings, then came lower and lower, in great spirals, while the motor roared triumphantly. People began to appear below—men, from what seemed bunk houses and stables and the hangars. Then from the main house a woman in a big raccoon coat, holding a baby in her arms and a little boy by the hand, while an older girl walked beside her. A group of house servants was there, too, the maids without even wraps. Fully twenty faces were turned up to the swooping scarlet plane.



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Smiling as she noticed the excitement of Parkinson, who was leaning far over the side of the cockpit, his white whiskers and gloved hands waving, Patsy climbed suddenly and then shut off her motor to glide in for her landing. But hardly had the ship ended its short run, when it was surrounded by the eager onlookers.

Two of the men from the hangar ran up, caught the wings and put chocks beneath the wheels, with deftness which proved long experience with airplanes. The others gathered around, obviously amazed and wondering, as they regarded the pilot and the passenger. When the crowd parted, the woman, who Patsy knew must be Mrs. Parkinson, came to the side of the plane with her three little ones.

"Yes, yes, it is, it is—it IS Santa Claus!" the little boy was exclaiming. His mother, seeming not sure that he was not right, regarded the red robed figure with a puzzled air. But the little girl was not fooled.

"Maybe you think it is Santa Claus," she said, "but I think it is Daddy."

And as she spoke, he pushed back his goggles, laughed gaily, and reached out his arms to her.

"John Parkinson!" exclaimed his wife. "Of all things—to come like this—when we were thinking you three thousand miles away! What a perfectly lovely surprise for Christmas Eve!"

"Couldn't keep away, Janice," he said cheerily. "Merry Christmas, darlings—and if you're glad to see me, thank this young lady—I would never have been able to get here if it hadn't been for her."

"Young lady! It's a girl! Well, I declare! You are a darling girl to do it," Mrs. Parkinson said, taking Patsy's hand, "and a splendid pilot, too. Do come in—can't you stay to dinner, or over night?"

"I wish I could," said Patsy, sincerely, "but I must get back—I forgot to tell my friends and they may worry."

By now Mr. Parkinson was on the ground, holding the baby and with the other children standing close to him, exactly as a Santa Claus should look.

"I've already tried to coax Patsy to wait over," he said, "but I understand how she feels—and we mustn't delay her because it will soon be dark. Here, my dear little pilot—take this from Santa Claus, with many, many thanks—and may you have a very Merry Christmas." He handed her a little box of some strange oriental material.

"And come over again when you can stay," added his wife, cordially.

"Thank you," said Patsy, surprised and pleased and excited. "Now, if everything is clear, I'll start back." The group drew off to a safe distance, away from the propeller, Patsy revved up the motor to a splendid roar, throttled down and signaled the men to withdraw the chocks and left in a perfect take-off for Orion City.

Dusk was fast approaching now, and she felt some dread of another snowstorm, but did not think about it, picking her course, checking her instruments, and hastening on. Though Betty's house was not her own home, it suddenly seemed very cozy and inviting. She wanted to see the big fire and the snow-blanketed garden again.

Yet another adventure was ahead. Again the gray curtain shut off the landscape—snow was falling in one section of this territory, she decided, and climbed, hoping to get above the clouds to clear air. The

altimeter ran up to three, then four, then five thousand feet, but there was still murk ahead. Another five hundred feet and the clouds were below, with a glint of gold on them and a golden sky above and beyond. Patsy could see the shadow of her plane scooting along below, a miniature silhouette against the undulating whiteness and surrounded by a rainbow-tinted circle. Despite all this beauty, she was watching her instruments keenly. She had flown ten miles above the clouds now and wondered if she had passed the storm area. For another five miles she held her course, then shut down her motor, pulled her stick back and kicked top rudder as the plane seemed to poise in the air, helpless, for an instant.

Instantly, she was in a spin—whirling madly about as she descended through the cloud banks—a dangerous thing to do, as she knew, if there were no horizon below, but the only thing to do and keep her course, for she felt she must check by some landmark before it grew completely dark. She wanted to get down in a hurry and nothing equals a spin for the purpose.

Still hurtling down in the dizzy spin, she watched her altimeter—and when it was just below the two thousand mark, pulled her ship level by diving and then centering the controls. She found her hunch had been right—she was under the clouds, out of the snow, and still had sufficient light to find a lake, a river, and a railroad line, landmarks to check on her map. She was within thirty miles of Orion City.

It was a beautiful world, thought Patsy, as the lights began to shine out in farm houses and villages and the dark bulk of the distant city loomed near. Then there was the shining beacon of the airport, reaching out a long golden finger to help guide her ship home.

"It will be a bright Christmas Day, after all," thought Patsy and began to sing, in that strange, cold, aloof world of the air, an old Christmas carol she had always loved.

Soon she was above the city, circling the field as darkness shut down, and opening the throttle as a signal for the floods and borders to be turned on. The guiding lines of red and amber lights blazed out, the flood showed the landing spot, she shut off her motor and glided in, lightly and silently as a snow flake, bringing her scarlet ship to rest on the shining white field.

McManus and Hatch ran up to catch the wings and help her out, and only when she stood up in her place, slipped off her parachute and started to climb over the fuselage, did Patsy realize how cold and stiff she was, that her toes were numb and her arms and shoulders terribly tired.

"Good kid!" Hatch was exclaiming. "Made it in fine style and good time—just two hours and twenty minutes from the time you took off here. We've got a hot drink waiting for you—knew you'd be cold."

"Did anyone call up about me?" asked Patsy as she walked, a little unsteadily and leaning on his arm, to the office which felt so warm and looked so welcome.

"No, nobody called up here," said Hatch, "but I called up your friends myself, on my own hook, and told 'em you'd gone on a little trip and would be back soon."

Patsy thanked him for his consideration, gulped down some of the hot milk, told him briefly of her journey, got out of the flying suit and into her own clothes, started up Betty's little (Continued on page 45)

A  
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GIFT  
TO  
GET



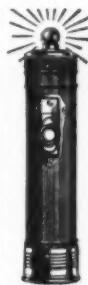
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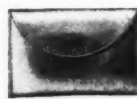


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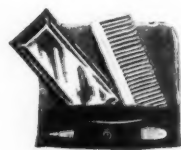
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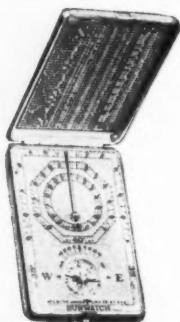
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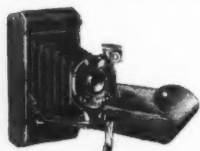
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## Patsy and the Christmas Spirit

(Continued from page 43)

car, and was soon on her way back to the house which was for the present her home.

There she was greeted with many questions, exclamations and some reproaches, but Betty considerably got her away from complications on the pretext of changing for dinner.

At the table Patsy had to recount her adventures again, and Betty's father was overwhelmed with mirth at the points in her story where she had advised the millionaire rancher to put on whiskers and otherwise bossed him.

But dinner was soon over, and the tree was trimmed, with a group of friends and neighbors and relatives coming in to take part. At the last Patsy solemnly handed the mysterious box she had received from Mr. Parkinson to Betty and asked her to put it on the tree, only to take it down soon and hand it to the girl who had been pilot for Santa Claus. Everybody, by now, knew of her adventures and the entire group crowded around to see her open it. It was a lacquer box of black and gold about six

inches square. Inside was another, smaller one, of gold. Within this was a tiny, carved teakwood casket.

Slowly, almost apprehensively, she opened it, and within, on a velvet cushion, lay an exquisite pendant of jade, carved intricately and beautifully, and suspended from a fine chain of gold, studded with jade beads and seed pearls. With it was a bit of folded paper. Unwrapping it, she found it said:

"For the girl who helped a lonely father get home in time for Christmas," and with it was a check for five hundred dollars—far more than she had expected as her fee; more, she thought, than she should accept.

"Nonsense!" said Betty's father when she said so. "That is nothing at all to Parkinson. And remember—you *did* get him home on Christmas Eve. Most of us would be willing to pay well for that. The jade jigger is nice too—you can have that when your check is spent. You can even pass it on as an heirloom. It will certainly give your descendants a thrill to know their grandmother once was pilot for Santa Claus."

## Polly What's-Her-Name

(Continued from page 22)

absent—with some new article of clothing thrown over her arm, to be worn that evening. Once or twice, going past the open door, she saw the older girl upon her knees before chest or dresser drawers, rummaging with ruthless hands. Isobel always did this quite openly, although Polly noted that Jane herself was away from home, each time.

And Polly noticed, too, that Isobel's eyes had a malicious twinkle in them and that every time they met the narrowed stare of Miss Mills, an inexplicable antagonism between the two leaped out. Yet she couldn't tell it to Jane. It all sounded so small in words. It seemed to be as impossible to discuss that as to find a chance to ask Jane's help in discovering Polly's name.

For one reason and another, too, their anticipated week-end at the Applebys was postponed. Polly, thinking surely that the coming Friday would discover Suzanne packing Jane's and her bags, would conceal her keen disappointment when Jane told her lightly that the charity bazaar for the Blind Babies' Home was to be that week—she had forgotten about it. It did not occur to Jane, so long used to thinking only of herself, that the little adopted sister might feel disappointment beneath her smile.

### CHAPTER VI

Polly discovered, during those first weeks at Jane's, that life could be just as busy as though one still had charge of thirty-nine small, active girls most of the time. For now, besides school and music lessons and Miss Mills' tutoring, horseback riding had been added to her daily program. Polly enjoyed this half hour in the park more than any other in her day. And when one afternoon Jane instead of the riding master went with her, she was very happy.

But beneath her joy stirred anxiety. The groom had met them at the park entrance with a new horse for Polly, one

that pranced and cavorted now beneath her restraining hand with a spirit quite different from the docile nag ordinarily allotted to her.

"Why, William, where is Ginger?" Jane had asked in surprise.

"Sorry, Miss Drake, Ginger's hurt her leg. Yesterday it was," the groom had answered. "I brung General here. He's a good hoss, on'y a little frisky."

"We-ell," Jane had eyed General doubtfully. "He looks sort of wicked. Maybe it's because he's so black. Anyway, I think I'd better ride him, Polly, and you take Blue Crescent. Remember we are going up to the Applebys tomorrow for that long-deferred week-end and so we must not take any chances of a spill."

But Polly knew that Jane loved her own horse, and keenly enjoyed riding him. So giving her heel to William, she had been up on General before Jane could remonstrate.

"Not a chance!" she had laughed. "I'm the one who's trying new things these days. Please let me ride him, Jane!"

She had pleaded so well that the older girl, despite her own judgment, had allowed Polly to have her way about it. But now Polly herself did not like the way her horse tried to take the bit, did not relish the feel of his dancing sideways in skittish fashion, and Jane kept glancing worriedly at her.

"That horse acts more than a trifle wild to me," observed Jane abruptly. "Sure you can hold the brute steady, Polly?"

"Oh, yes," began Polly, when all at once a newspaper, flapping out from a park bench onto the bridle path, shot General straight up onto his hind legs. Polly kept her seat admirably, sawing her way with the reins back down to safety.

Jane repressed an alarmed exclamation. "I think we had better change," she said.

There was no time to change, however. The next instant General took fright again and with one movement he was off!

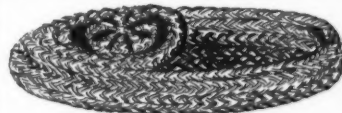
At first Polly tried to reduce his terrific speed by pulling at the reins. It was like

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trying to stop the Graf Zeppelin, though, once it got away from the hundreds of hands holding onto its ropes. Finding the reins of no avail, Polly, her young face grim, leaned forward in her saddle and devoted all of her strength to holding on.

Now, however, there were pounding hoofs behind her. Jane was urging Blue Crescent on with frantic words and the cut of her crop, trying desperately to overtake Polly.

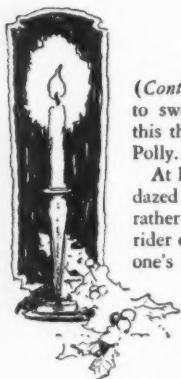
"Oh, Crescent," whispered Jane, "can't you do it? Can't you please catch up to them?"

Blue Crescent's ears went down, his feet scarcely seemed to touch the ground, but in vain. He lacked the blind panic, the wild fright of the horse ahead of him. Jane realized that unless someone other than herself appeared to stop General, there would be a serious accident.

Then to her despairing ears came the miraculous sound of other pounding hoofs, not behind her, but to her left. And now out of a by-path forged another horse and rider, causing Jane (Continued on page 46)

When you write to advertisers, please mention "The American Girl"





## Polly What's-Her-Name

(Continued from page 45) to swerve widely. Slowly—this third rider drew abreast Polly.

At last the girl herself, too dazed to glance up, felt rather than saw this other rider coming near, felt someone's brown, sinewy hand dart out and snatch at her horse's reins, felt iron muscles pulling steadily, masterfully upon General's bit. Before

long his tearing run changed into a gallop, the gallop devolved into a trot and finally the trot settled into a walk. When a complete stop had been accomplished, Polly flopped out of her saddle into an exhausted heap upon the ground.

Jane, galloping up on Blue Crescent, was off in a trice and bending over Polly, demanding anxiously if she were hurt.

"N-no!" gasped Polly. "I—I—don't think so!" She drew a long breath and managed a tremulous smile. "I'm—I'm just about you-jounced to pieces, that's all."

Jane laughed shakily. "Come on, get up off the ground!" she ordered, giving Polly both her gloved hands.

"I feel ten million years old," Polly said ruefully. "I'll bet it's a week before I can sit down properly again, Jane!"

Jane turned to Polly's rescuer, and found herself gazing at one of the handsomest lads she had even seen—almost too handsome with his blond curly hair and long lashes and clean-cut features.

"There are no words with which to thank you," said Jane, smiling at him.

The boy blushed, snatched off his cap. Then as he shook hands, he transferred General's reins into Jane's outstretched hand.

"Oh, that's quite all right," he returned awkwardly. "I'm very glad, indeed, that I came along just then."

Then before Polly, who had turned to him, or Jane could utter a word of gratitude he bowed slightly, vaulted into his own saddle and was off.

Polly looked after him blankly. "Why—why Jane!" she stammered. "Why, we don't even know who he is!"

Jane shook her head.

Arrangements were made for the horses to be sent to the stable and Jane and Polly sank gratefully into the seat of a taxicab.

"I feel as though I had been pulled apart like a rubber toy," Polly moaned, "and had snapped every joint back into the wrong place."

They rode along in silence for a short distance; then Polly spoke again. "I wish we had that boy's name and address," she said wistfully. "He looked awfully nice."

"Never mind," laughed Jane. "You'll find lots of jolly boys at the Applebys—and girls, too."

The next day, although she was rather stiff and lame from her tumble, Polly was thrilled by pleasant anticipation as she followed Jane into the parlor car of a train at Grand Central. It was the first time she had ever been on a train and the first time of almost anything is interesting. As soon as they had left the underground behind

them and were gliding out of the city's limits, Polly's face was glued to her window, so that it was almost half way to Kingsburg, their destination, before she swung her chair around to gaze at her fellow passengers.

The passengers were not especially interesting in themselves, but Polly immediately found them so. Just now she watched absorbedly an old gentleman directly opposite her who was eating an orange, the lady next to him who kept the car's porter busy with her ceaseless flow of demands and complaints, a young couple whom Polly at once liked, a mother with her two children and a mysterious blond head at the end of the car across the aisle, which was all she could see of one passenger over the high back of his chair. Polly made friends with the children and, as mile after mile of rails was clicked off beneath the rumbling train wheels, she decorated Jane's memo pad, from her purse, with tiny, grotesque, amusing figures for the two fascinated youngsters. She was in the midst of a particularly funny picture when the blond head at the other end of the car rose suddenly, revealing itself as that of someone she had met somewhere not so long ago. The gold pencil paused abruptly as the owner of the head came down the aisle in her direction and disappeared toward the observation platform.

"Go on, go on," begged two earnest little voices. So Polly drew some more figures and apparently was quite engrossed in her task when the tall lad reappeared and made his way back to his chair, after awhile. Polly could not help sending stray glances toward the end of the car where the boy sat.

It was drawing to the close of a wintry afternoon when they reached Kingsburg and several of the car's passengers began to stir, to collect bags and baggage. When the train had slid to a standstill Polly, stumbling after Jane down the aisle, sent a last glance toward the end of the car, but to her disappointment the blond-haired boy had disappeared.

"There's Hunter, the Applebys' chauffeur," said Jane, when Polly, grasping her new black bag which she had refused to yield to the porter, joined her upon the station platform.

Polly, following the direction of Jane's nod, saw a big, old-fashioned car drawn up to the street side of the platform, with its driver advancing toward them.

"How do you do, Hunter?" said Jane, giving the man her bag and motioning to Polly to do likewise.

"How do you do, Miss Drake? How do you do, miss?" the chauffeur replied and then, as he looked beyond them, his face lighted up. "How do you do, Master Jerry! Won't Master Tom be glad to see you?"

Both Jane and Polly turned in surprise. And there was their shy hero of the day before, the blond boy in the train, staring at them in amazement.

"You see, you are pursued. And we're going to thank you again!" Jane laughed. "I am Jane Drake and this is my little sister Polly. Are you going to Applebys, too?"

"Yes, indeed. What luck!" The boy,

despite his bashfulness, looked as though he meant it. "My name is Gerald Hill—Jerry for short. I'm at Blakely Hall with Tom."

They all climbed into the car and Hunter, closing the door upon them, got into his own place at the wheel. The car slid smoothly away from the little station. In a few minutes, just as twilight settled down over the mountain landscape, they pulled up before a great house and Hunter, descending with dignity, went around to open the car door for them. Polly, following Jane up the steps, through the door into a big hall, where a roaring fire in the fireplace mingled its welcome with that of a motherly-looking woman, felt again the pleasant thrill of anticipation. And when a crowd of young people appeared, to give clamorous greeting, she thought happily, "Oh, but this is going to be fun!"

**You will want to know how the Applebys' house party turned out—also how Polly progresses in her search for her real name, so don't miss the January instalment!**

*What has happened so far in this story*

Polly is the oldest orphan at the Fairview Home. She was brought to the home when she was very small, upon the death of a Mrs. McGinnis, with whom she and her father boarded, until he was killed during the war. Her mother was dead.

Mr. Van Vorten, one of the directors of the orphanage, invites Polly to his home for a visit.

In spite of the kindness of the Van Vortens, and the unaccustomed luxury of her new life, Polly is not happy. She finds herself missing the home and the baby, Maria, who had been her particular charge, and she feels she has to return.

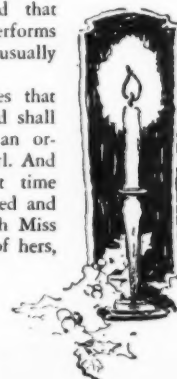
She bursts into Miss Morton's office one morning less than two weeks after she had left. "Oh, Miss Morton," she says, "it's so wonderful to be back here! Where are the children? Where's little Maria?"

Miss Morton looks troubled. "Baby Maria has found a home of her own," she tells Polly soberly. Polly stares at her a moment in silence and then slowly leaves the room. This isn't home any more. Not with little Maria gone!

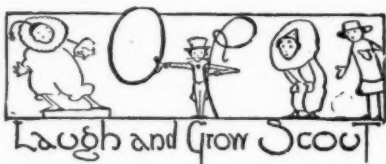
About this time Miss Jane Drake is consulting with her lawyer, Mr. King, about a fortune to which she has fallen heir, provided that within a year she performs one noble, one unusually laudable deed.

Miss Drake decides that her praiseworthy deed shall consist of adopting an orphan, preferably a girl. And within a very short time Polly has been adopted and has gone to live with Miss Drake and a friend of hers, a Miss Dalton, in the former's penthouse apartment.

Polly's first day as Miss (Continued on page 48)



**Be sure not to miss the next instalment of "Polly"—**



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#### Fish, Flesh or Fowl?

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#### Slightly Annoyed

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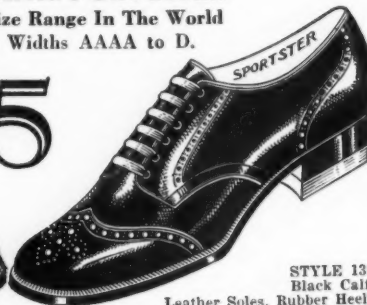
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"The American Girl" is an ideal Christmas gift—

## Polly What's- Her-Name

(Continued from page 46)

Drake's ward includes a call at the select school where Miss Drake intends to send Polly. After leaving the school Miss Drake and Polly realize that they are late for an appointment with the governess, who had been recommended by Miss Dalton to tutor Polly. Breathless, the two reach the door opening into the glassed corridor in the apartment.

But here a curious incident brings them to an astonished halt. It seems to both Polly and Jane, when the latter opens the door and steps into the corridor, that Isobel Dalton was about to strike the quiet figure of a young woman seated upon a bench there!

## Your Christmas Decorations

(Continued from page 19)

finished should look like the one pictured at the bottom of page nineteen. If these are not available, you may use other fruits delightfully, such as small oranges or small bright red apples.

Another very attractive wreath is made of rhododendron leaves bound flatly over a foundation wreath with green-covered wire. Bind it again with a spiral of red or gold ribbon, and wire on at intervals small orange-colored cumquats. This is the kind of wreath that is on the door in the picture at the top of page nineteen.

A most fascinating and unique idea is the wreath used by the Austrian peasant. Instead of being hung flat against the wall, it is suspended from the ceiling—only when there is a high one—like a chandelier, by three or four scarlet ribbons. The wreath itself is a large and substantial one of greens thickly covered with all sorts of fruit wired to the under side, and with candles stood upright on the upper side.

Some of the longer-needed pine branches, with cones silvered or gilded or painted, may be delightfully hung over pictures or mirrors, as shown in the center drawing.

Short garlands draped in a swag (that is a short arc with two ends hung over two nails) are lovely over a fireplace.

You may add a holiday touch to your Christmas package by attaching to it a tiny pine branch with a silvered cone, or a bit of boxwood with a cluster of cranberries. Or you may dip a great lot of large pine cones into a thick mixture of powdered rosin and Pyro (a commercial alcohol), drying them out and piling them into a gay basket. Each will serve as a fire lighter.

If you collect all your greens at once, put down newspapers on the floor and surround yourself with all your working materials, you will be astonished at how many lovely wreaths you can produce in a few hours. Besides having all the fun of making these things yourself and using your own ingenuity in thinking up new combinations of greens and cones and berries, you will have the satisfaction of knowing that you are helping Uncle Sam to conserve some of his many natural beauties.





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## Winter Bivouacking

By MARY NORTH

Mary North, who wrote this article about a winter trip in the Adirondacks, is a Girl Scout and is a sister of Bob North, author of several books of travel.

WE spent the first night of our trip, which took place in November, in Old Forge, New York, and made an early start next day. Going on from Raquette Lake in a taxi we soon reached a big gateway beyond which no cars are allowed. Here we shouldered our packs and started forward, Father and I with our carbines.

A light snow had fallen making a lovely white carpet on the ground and covering the evergreen trees so that it looked like fairyland. The packs and I were taken in a rowboat down the lake and on through connecting streams and other lakes.

The shore line was particularly beautiful, with the silver and white birches sprinkled among the balsam and spruce trees, and the mountains rising beyond.

After we left the lake we followed a narrow trail leading through the woods just above the placid Stillwater. Then we reached an overgrown road, once an Iroquois war trail. During the last year of the War of 1812 a regiment of pioneers was sent out from Schenectady to make this trail into a military road so the troops could be marched over it to Canada. Some months after the war was over it was remembered that these soldiers had been set to work and a courier was sent after them. They were found up near Tupper Lake, still chopping, and were told the war was over.

Shortly before dark we stopped at a camping place near a spring of water. While my mother set about starting the fire and preparing supper, Father and I made the beds. We cut a great pile of balsam boughs which we laid on the ground after brushing away the snow and wet leaves. On these we laid our ponchos and then our blankets. Around three sides we piled spruce boughs as a wind break. The fourth side was open towards the fire. This is the Indian fashion of sleeping out.

The next morning we left the military road and plunged into the thicket. Making camp on a forest knoll above a stream, we left our packs and went on to the south fork of the Moose River.

After we had explored that territory pretty thoroughly, Father said we must start back for camp, for even though we had taken care to bring a little food and the flashlight it would be pretty hard to make our way through this forest after dark. So we turned back, reaching camp by dusk.

Just about dark we heard in the distance several shots, bang! bang! bang!—which Father said were signal shots and someone was lost. Sure enough, the next day when we reached a nearby camp they told us how one of their party lost his way and also lost his head. When they found him he was as white as a ghost and weak from running first in one direction then in another.

All too soon came the time for starting homeward. We had hiked with our packs over thirty miles through a wilderness.

Boy! But it was fun and I want to go again whenever I can!

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## OUR PUZZLE PACK



### The Christmas Tree

Here is a real Girl Scout's Christmas tree. If we could see some of the gifts that are in store for our friend, we would readily agree that they will be very useful when she goes camping again next summer.

There are at least six articles represented by the letters shown. Begin at the proper letter and move to the adjoining space in any direction and you will be able to spell out the words which make the answer to the puzzle.

### Puzzle Pack Word Square

From the following definitions build up a five-letter word square:

1. A sudden fright
2. To make amends
3. A wanderer
4. Silly
5. Yielded

By BARBARA SHLOSS, New York, New York.

### Word Jumping

By changing one letter in the word at a time, change DARK to LAMP in seven moves.

### Concealed Trees

The name of a tree is concealed in each of the following sentences.

1. Gravel may prove to be hard on your shoes.
2. The principal made a very great mistake.
3. Norma, please close the door behind you.
4. We heard these cities on our radio, Akron, Pittsburgh and Cleveland and Chicago.
5. I'm sure you can't run as fast as he can.
6. Our voices would be echoing through the long halls.

By HELEN GREENSTREET, Troop Five, Ypsilanti, Michigan.

### An Enigma

I am a well known proverb of twenty-six letters.

My 17, 15, 16, 10, 13, 2 and 20 are sellers of headwear.

My 19, 6, 7 and 8 is piece of jewelry.  
My 1, 4, 22, 21 and 18 is solitary.  
My 9, 24, 12, 14 and 26 are vocal numbers.  
My 5, 11, 3, 23 and 25 are weaving machines.

By IRENE SMYTH, Wichita, Kansas.

### Puzzle Pi

Tulel Acjk Neorhr,  
Ats ni a ocrne,  
Aeintg ihs Ricshmsta epi.  
Eh utp ni shi umtbb,  
Dna upledl uto a lupm.  
Nda asid, "Hawt a oogd oby ma I."

By ALICE E. YOUNG, Highland Park, Illinois.

### Add a Letter

By adding one letter at the beginning of each of the following words seven new words will be formed. The seven added letters spell the name of a famous Christmas story character.

1. Led 2. Old 3. Ash 4. Men 5. Pen 6. Ear 7. Yes.

## ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLES

BOOKS AND AUTHORS: Hen+INE—Nine+ice +NT—cent+dime—Me=HEIDI.

Zero+B+inch+urn—ZE—churn+song—G+crow+L—owl+thousand—THO—and+hue—H=ROBINSON CRUSOE.

WORD DIAMOND: Dickens.

PUZZLE PACK WORD SQUARE:

S C O L D  
C O L O R  
O L I V E  
L O V E S  
D R E S S

WORD JUMPING: Bear, rear, roar, road, rood, room, loom, loon, lion.

A CHARADE: Heidi.

AN ENIGMA: A penny saved is a penny earned.

YE OLDE TIME RIDDLE: Wet ones.

ADD A LETTER: The added letters spell GAR-NET.

CONCEALED MINERALS AND METALS: 1. Coal 2. Tin 3. Iron 4. Zinc 5. Gold 6. Lead

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